Week ending May 19 1951 Every Thursday Fourpence

John Bull

Beginning this week:

"LITTLE TEMBI"

by DORIS LESSING

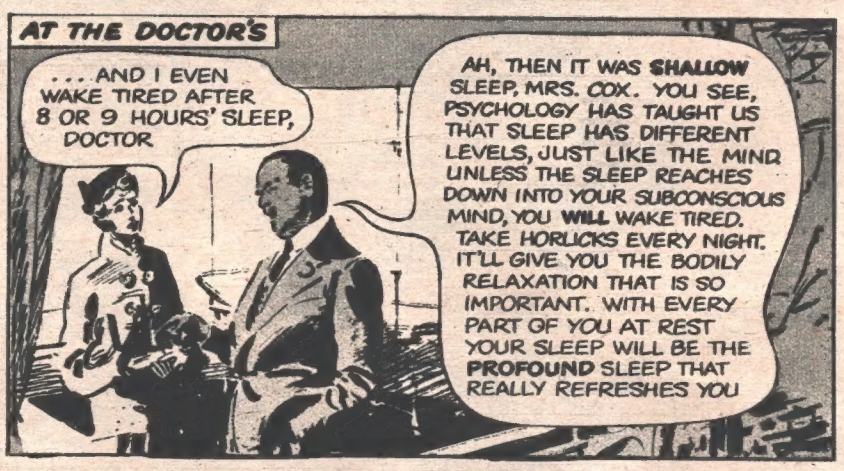
[Every Trade Advertisement Guaranteed]

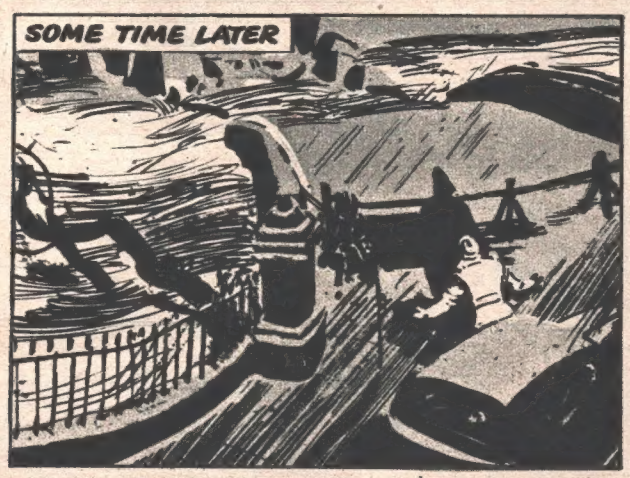
"DUKE'S HEAD" MILLY

I MUST LEAVE TOMORROW, MRS. COX — WILL YOU CALL ME AT SEVEN O'CLOCK? GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH
YES, SIR. THINKS HOPE WE DON'T GET ANY MORE VISITORS FOR A WHILE... DON'T FEEL I CAN COPE THESE DAYS

THREE DAYS LATER
AND THAT ISN'T THE ONLY COMPLAINT FROM VISITORS WE'VE HAD. WE'RE WORRIED. YOU GAVE THIS PLACE A GOOD NAME AT FIRST, BUT — WELL, THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER LANDLORDS —
I'M SORRY, MR. TUPPER. WE'LL TRY AND DO BETTER

OH, BERT, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL HIM IT WAS ALL MY FAULT?
BUT YOU USED TO BE ALL RIGHT, MILLY. IT'S ONLY THESE LAST FEW MONTHS. LOOK, YOU MUST GO AND SEE THE DOCTOR. DON'T WORRY. I'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE OVER YOUR WORK MYSELF


AT THE DOCTOR'S
... AND I EVEN WAKE TIRED AFTER 8 OR 9 HOURS' SLEEP, DOCTOR
AH, THEN IT WAS SHALLOW SLEEP, MRS. COX. YOU SEE, PSYCHOLOGY HAS TAUGHT US THAT SLEEP HAS DIFFERENT LEVELS, JUST LIKE THE MIND UNLESS THE SLEEP REACHES DOWN INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, YOU WILL WAKE TIRED. TAKE HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT. IT'LL GIVE YOU THE BODILY RELAXATION THAT IS SO IMPORTANT. WITH EVERY PART OF YOU AT REST YOUR SLEEP WILL BE THE PROFOUND SLEEP THAT REALLY REFRESHES YOU



LOOK, MISSUS, I'VE GOT A BUS LOAD OUTSIDE AND WE'RE STUCK. ROADS ARE FLOODED AND —
BRING THEM IN! WE'LL PUT 'EM UP. THE OLD DUKE'S HEAD NEVER TURNS AWAY A CUSTOMER
THINKS BEDS... BLANKETS.. FIRES... FOOD... I'LL SHOW THOSE BREWERS WHAT A GOOD LANDLADY CAN DO...

NEVER BEEN SO WELL TREATED. AND ALL AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE! I'M GOING TO WRITE TO THE BREWERS!
MR. COX, YOUR WIFE'S DONE MARVELS..
WELL, MILLY, BACK TO YOUR OLD FORM!
I THINK SO, DEAR. THINKS THANKS TO HORLICKS

IF YOU'RE EVER ROUND OUR WAY — WHY NOT STOP IN AT THE OLD DUKE'S HEAD? YOU'LL FIND IT PRETTY CROWDED, BECAUSE TRADE IS REALLY BOOMING. GOOD JOB I WENT TO THE DOCTOR'S ABOUT THAT TIREDNESS — I LEARNT ABOUT HOW HORLICKS HELPED YOUR SLEEP TO REACH INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS. I'M PULLING MY WEIGHT AGAIN NOW. AND IF THERE ARE ANY CRISES — WELL, I STILL TAKE MY HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT!

PINT OF BITTER, TOM? COMING UP!

HORLICKS

EDITORIAL

Greedy hands in the vegetable basket

HOME-GROWN FRUIT and vegetables will soon be abundant again as spring passes into summer.

Unfortunately, there is no guarantee that, as well as being abundant, they will be fully available to housewives. For they will cost too much, and the quantities which reach the shops will often be artificially restricted to keep the price up.

This is because of our deplorable and out-of-date system of distributing home produce—a system which everyone denounces except those whom it enriches, but which no Government and no other body has yet really tried to reform effectively.

The ideal way would seem to be to set up a Vegetable Marketing Board and a Fruit Marketing Board like the Egg and Milk Boards, which ensure a market to producers at economic prices and pass the food on to housewives without allowing its cost to be "jacked up" on the way.

But the problem cannot be solved as simply as all that. Eggs and milk are specialized products. Supply and demand can be estimated fairly accurately. Distribution can be organized quite simply and efficiently.

Vegetables pose a much more complicated problem. Most kinds are highly perishable and seasonal, and the supply fluctuates district by district according to the weather.

No ready-made remedy can be applied forthwith to the expensive muddle which afflicts this vital industry—and which costs its women customers so dear every day of the week. But that is no reason for flinching from a clean-up which is long overdue.

There is no possible justification for a system by which cauliflowers bought from the growers at 3½d. each are re-sold in the shops at 3s. 6d. each—twelve times as much—and tomatoes for which growers are paid 1s. for 12 lb., cost shoppers 1s. 6d. for 1 lb.—eighteen times as much!

Perhaps these are extreme cases. No doubt the average profit level achieved by vegetable distributors is much less. But it is still far too high—and it is maintained, at the expense of both farmers and housewives, by a system of price rings among wholesalers and also by the fact that vegetables pass through the hands of far too many different people, each one grabbing an additional profit on the way.

At least two wholesalers, and often several more, stand between the grower and the shopkeepers. At each stage there is wastage, because vegetables are perishable. At each stage, therefore, the trader makes a very generous allowance in addition to his normal profit-taking, to compensate himself for that wastage.

And when, finally, the vegetables reach the retailer, he has no one to pass his wastage allowance on to except the consumer. In any case his gross profit needs to be high enough to cover his overhead expenses.

So don't blame the retailer too much. Blame instead the system which allows a series of wholesalers to double, re-double, and double again the price of a commodity which everyone needs.

So far the only attempts to reform this set-up have been for the benefit of the growers. A Tomato and Cucumber Marketing Board was established last year and will begin work this summer, and an apple and pear scheme is now being negotiated.

The Tomato Board has powers of price-fixing and is supposed to improve grading, packaging and processing. The conception is sensible as far as it goes, though how well it will work has yet to be seen. It will not save the housewife a halfpenny, because it will not affect the distributing system.

No one has, as yet, even put up an official plan to deal completely and satisfactorily with the evils of fruit and vegetable distribution. The Lucas Report recommended commodity commissions for each class of produce. But it did not offer a clear-cut, concrete, practical alternative to the present system.

Something courageous and drastic is needed. The interests of the minority of wholesalers cannot any longer be allowed to stand between growers and consumers.

One proposal has been for municipal marketing in every town. It is perhaps the most promising yet made. The market management would buy direct from growers—and as far as possible from local growers—and re-sell to the housewife without seeking an overall profit.

The mere existence of such markets would, it is argued, bring profiteering traders to heel without the need for any legal intervention. Perhaps so. Whatever the pros and cons of such plans, the public will support any bold and constructive effort to break the price rings and keep the cost of market produce down. The increasing pressure on household budgets underlines the need for action

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BIGGEST chocolate treat for 3½d

A SWEET COURSE FOR 3½d. Just put a scrumptious Chocolate Penguin on your youngster's plate—and watch! In a few moments the sturdiest appetite is satisfied. How children love these delicious Chocolate Penguins! So good for them, too. Watch for the gay Penguin wrappers next time you're out shopping.

chocolate penguin

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GAYMERS—
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GAYSEC Dry
OLDE ENGLISH Extra Quality

Ask also for CYDETTE
A Sparkling non-alcoholic Apple beverage

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The best that mummy can buy!

O.K

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

May 19, 1951 VOL. 89 No. 2342 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

Why be afraid of having a family?

AS AN EXPECTANT MOTHER—fourth time—I am getting used to pitying remarks from even casual acquaintances, but it makes me furious when people actually say that there is nothing to have children for.

I was never a starry-eyed dreamer. Being myself the eldest of ten children, I knew what work and worry were attached to large families. I know that prices are spiralling, nations are intriguing and the world is in its usual sorry state. But, compared with the era which was my childhood, I say from the bottom of my heart that there has never been a better time to have children. There have always been wars and inequalities. Our only hope of a better world lies in the example we set our children.—MRS. MOLLY WILES, Deighton, Huddersfield.

Value Of The Sixth Form

AS A SIXTH-FORMER, I advise anyone at a Grammar School to stay for at least a year in the sixth form. Lower down in the school, teachers seem to think the biggest factor is the number of pupils obtaining school certificates. Hence, memory-training is regarded as all important. Only in the sixth form is the pupil encouraged to develop individual interests; he realizes that education is not something that can be shed on leaving school, but must affect his whole life.—H. M. E., Notts.

Suffering In Silence

LIKE THE HAEMOPHILICS, whose brave bid to help themselves was described in Ian Bevan's JOHN BULL article, sufferers from disseminated sclerosis have formed a fellowship. Victims of this malady are almost paralysed and, in many cases, absolutely helpless, with blindness impending. Doctors take them for granted, and no one else seems to care. — E. PERVINKLES, Central Avenue, Canvey Island, Essex.

Disseminated sclerosis is a brain and spinal cord disease producing paralysis.

. . . I advocate an organization on the lines of the International Haemophilia Society for the thousands who, like myself, are victims of angina pectoris. Most sufferers cannot work, except at home. Many of us would be glad to act as "guinea-pigs" if there was hope of a cure.—S. W. NEWMAN, El-Kubri, Danbury, Essex.

Angina pectoris causes violent spasms of the chest, due mainly to disease of the coronary arteries.

. . . On our register we now have sufferers from haemophilia who have also been stricken with infantile paralysis. A more dreadful combination of afflictions is hard to imagine.—FRANK A. SMITH, President, International Haemophilia Society, Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

To Let—Not To Ruin

PEOPLE GRUMBLE ABOUT those who let part of their homes. I would like to put the other side of the question. I live in a house which has been in the family for forty years. During that time many improvements have been made, carpets, ornaments and little treasures added. All this meant sacrifice. Recently an organization asked me to give temporary house-room to two girl members of its staff. I agreed. The two girls were very nice, but they had no idea of how to treat a house. It wasn't intentional abuse; just thoughtlessness. They cleaned their shoes on a pale-green carpet; cracked a pane through banging the window too hard; and did their dusting with a soiled duster that left a mark on the paintwork. I have every sympathy for those unable to find homes of their own, but they must realize that in paying a landlady a weekly rent they are only buying the use of her home, not the right to wreck it.—E. M., Clydebank.

Among The Red Indians

HAVING BEEN OUT THERE myself in 1949, I was fascinated by Margaret Cheechoo's JOHN BULL account of her life among the Red Indians in Canada and of her marriage to Sinclair, the young brave. I stayed on McKenzie Island, Ontario, where my son works. Before long I ventured near the Indian settlement along the lakes. It was guarded by dogs chained to trees, and my son said: "Don't go too near, Mother, or the dogs will tear you to pieces." On gala days the Indians would take part in canoe races. The women would paddle for dear life, then

cross a strip of land carrying the canoe on their heads, and finally paddle furiously along the final lap of the water course. I enclose a photograph of myself among the Indians. — MRS. ANN REIACH, 31 Don Terrace, Woodside, Aberdeen.

Beekeeper Is Popular

EDWIN PACKER'S JOHN BULL article, "Beekeeper With A Sixth Sense," caused great interest among people in this district. Jack Leverton has always been very popular in our village, owing to his wonderful production of honey, which I have been lucky enough to taste. Our only disappointment was that the village was called Skeby instead of Skegby.—VILLAGER, Skegby, Notts.

Bad Dogs, Bad Owners

I AM AN ANIMAL LOVER who has rarely been without a pet, but the absurd sentimentality of so-called dog-lovers disgusts me. I agree with every word of the JOHN BULL editorial, "The Problem of Three Million Over-privileged Dogs" (April 28). The owner should certainly be penalized for the damage a dog does. A well-trained dog does not worry sheep or bite people, but is a joyous companion, especially when working on the land, his natural habitat. The trouble is that many urban dogs have no job and lead overfed, pampered lives. — MRS. MARY MCLEOD, 13 Malpas Avenue, Prenton, Birkenhead.

. . . Why not refuse a licence to anyone who cannot prove a dog is a necessity? Too often a child's fancy for a puppy is indulged and before the dog is old enough to be properly trained the child loses interest in its welfare.—D. B., Halifax.

"Festival At Farbridge"

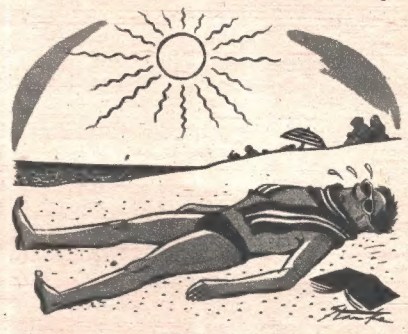
READERS MAKING their "interim" comments in "Free Speech" on J. B. Priestley's *Festival at Farbridge* should wait until the serial has finished before deciding on its merits or demerits. The tendency to prejudge seems to apply to most spheres of life today.—RICHARD A. LAHERT, 13 Gladstone Street, Waterford, Ireland.

. . . John Pimlott's illustrations to *Festival at Farbridge* are among the finest water colours I have ever seen. His faces and figures put over Priestley's characters wonderfully.—AUSTIN MCCANN, 26 Bathgate Street, Glasgow.

Forty-six year old John Pimlott is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Son of the well-known etcher, Philip Pimlott, he met his American artist wife while both were on sketching tours in Cornwall.

The Old School Scarf

WHAT IS THE FATAL attraction of school or college scarves? Their owners will remove their gloves, coats and hats at entertainments or in cafés, yet



cling tenaciously to the often bulky scarves. In summer one finds them in various light attire, but still wearing the multi-coloured old-school scarf.—R. HOWD, Virginia Water, Surrey.

The Reason For "Turns"

WHY DOES SUCH AN excellent magazine as JOHN BULL break the continuity of articles and stories with the distressing words: "Continued on page . . ."?—JOHN S. BAXTER, 52 Young Terrace, Cowdenbeath, Fife.

Editor's note: JOHN BULL *makes every effort to avoid "turning" an article or story to another page unless absolutely necessary. As we have stated before, we believe readers would lose more than they would gain if every article or story were to follow through on consecutive pages. Mainly, they would lose some of the colourful illustrations: it is only possible to print in colour on certain pages of a magazine.* JOHN BULL *aims to use colour paintings and photographs throughout the magazine as evenly as this restriction allows. Hence, to combine full-length articles and stories with pleasing pictorial display, the "spill-over" of some of the contents is unavoidable.*

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

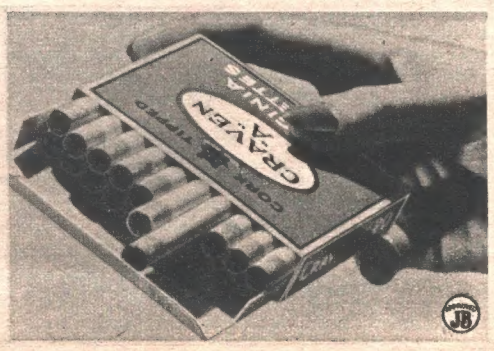
THIS WEEK'S COVER

IT'S all hands to the rescue, for time—and the school bus—wait for no man. Douglas L. Mays draws on experience for his popular Cover Kids series. He's got four children himself.

". . . you accept them . . ."

YOU KNOW THAT SOME PEOPLE will never let you down—not even lightly. You know you can trust them utterly. But how do you know? Partly by instinct, partly by reason, partly from experience. With an honesty quite transparent, you accept them as they accept you. It is like that with Craven 'A' smokers and their cigarettes. That *natural* cork tip, so kind to the lips! That rich tobacco, so kind to the throat! Yes, indeed, there are reasons—and once you have learned to accept the unvarying, unwearying *solace* that Craven 'A' give, no other cigarette will do.

Those who smoke Craven 'A' seldom care for other cigarettes



. . . a wedding anniversary is no time for tiffs —but when I saw my saucepan looking black as the ace of spades, I nearly exploded! Then I caught sight of Vim. *In seconds* that burnt-crusted grease vanished before Vim's swift, smooth touch—and there stood the cleanest, *shiniest* saucepan you've ever set eyes on!"

it's **CLEANER** *quicker with* **VIM**

Hudson & Knight Limited V 276-541

DRY HAIR?

Don't try to hide dry hair—it will soon become scurfy and brittle. The only sure way is to *correct* it—with Silvikrin Lotion WITH OIL. The lotion tones up the whole scalp; the *Pure Silvikrin* content—nature's own hair food—provides the essential substances for healthy hair growth. And the natural oils that dry hair lacks are there, too—keeping your hair wonderfully well groomed. Massage a few drops into your scalp daily—and you will have done something *fundamental* for your hair's health. 2/9 *and* 4/10 *at all chemists and hairdressers.*

Silvikrin
LOTION WITH OIL

10-1

Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion is also available without oil for naturally oily hair. For thinning hair and severe cases of dandruff use Pure Silvikrin, the concentrated organic hair food

Welcome to the Inns of Britain

beer is best

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Every article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a money-back guarantee:

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs and other articles which have been approved by our experts are marked with this sign →

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL. Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL, and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, PUBLISHERS

I parachute into Tito's mountain hideout

by ***BASIL DAVIDSON, M.C.***

ILLUSTRATION BY OLIPHANT

Someone gripped my arm: "The *Komandant* is here." On my right I saw the strange, legendary figure I had come so far to find

I WAS A SOLDIER-SPY (3)

During his many adventures as special agent in the Balkans, Basil Davidson was parachuted into Nazi-held Jugoslavia with orders to join Tito and the Partisans. Here he tells how he met Tito in a mountain hideout. It is a fascinating study of a "different" Tito—not the aloof and bemedalled dictator we know today, but the raw and hungry leader of a guerrilla army

Lt.-Col. Basil Davidson, M.C.

CLAMBERING PAST THE BOMB-RACKS, I went down into the glass nose of the Liberator's cockpit. W for Willy was flying at five thousand feet over a sea that was spread like a grey carpet. Suddenly there was a change. The coast of Greece, stark and clear-cut, stood up out of the sea. The rising moon gave edge to wild mountains. We were over Europe. I lay in the Liberator's glass nose and saw how the island of Corfu came up out of the sea in combed mountains that were covered with dark, silver pocks, so that it seemed as if water were gleaming on ragged, crumpled cloth. Tiny waves, far below, turned silver in the moonlight like gently moving lips.

I looked up at the pilot in his seat above me. I wanted to shout with excitement. I wanted to tell him about the thrill of seeing Europe again. But the pilot sat as still as if he were made of stone. He had more important things on his mind.

There was time now, for a moment, to consider the imposing task that lay before me. In the spring of 1941 I and my colleagues of our special branch had had to leave Jugoslavia. Behind us we had left

Tito (centre) and staff in a mountain cave HQ. On Tito's left is Rankovitch, later secret police chief

a defeated people, seething with anger and hatred of the German and Italian invaders. In the two years which had followed—and this was now August, 1943—the peoples of Jugoslavia had risen in insurrection against their conquerors. I knew the story pretty well, for I had followed it with anguished interest from my watchposts in Istanbul and Cairo.

Six months after the capitulation of spring, 1941, the first resistance had begun in the steep valley of the Serbian river Morava. There, early in the winter of that year, both Partisans and Chetniks (Communists and Nationalists) had fought the Germans in pitched battles. In reprisal the Germans murdered hundreds of hostages. The Nationalists turned against the Communists; and the Communists were driven out of Serbia. Meanwhile, all over the rest of Jugoslavia, German brutality was setting fierce flames to the spirit of resistance. By the spring of 1942 the Partisans were already at the head of a great movement of armed resistance.

Landed From A Submarine

For a long time we had no substantial contact with any branch of this resistance. One or two pioneers were sent there in 1941 and early 1942. Captain Hudson, the first, landed from a submarine on the Montenegrin coast in October, 1941, and walked across Serbia to the valley of the Morava. He was present at those early battles; but he lost his wireless set and for months was silent. Captain Atherton departed a little later and survived for several months before bandits murdered him. Late in 1942 we dropped several British parties to the Nationalist resistance in Serbia and Montenegro. But the Nationalists were showing little stomach for fight. Many of their commanders had compounded with the enemy.

What we needed above all was contact with the Partisans. And in February, 1943, Winston Churchill, on his memorable visit to Cairo and the Eighth Army, decreed that this contact should be established. I was then G.S.O. 2 in command of our special branch for Jugoslavia. I was ordered to make this contact.

The war in the desert helped us. Monty and the Eighth Army had chased Rommel out of Cyrenaica, so we could move our base for contact with the Balkans from Fayid on the Canal far westward to the desert airstrips near Benghazi. The planes we employed to parachute men and stores into Greece could now make the return flight in three or four hours. But to reach Tito our pilots had still to face a flight of six or seven hours each way, which taxed both men and aircraft to the limits of endurance. For Tito, as far as we knew, was on the march into central Bosnia, 200 miles and more from the Jugoslav coast.

Staunch pilots and good intelligence solved this problem. Churchill had given us his crisp instructions: *You will make contact with Tito's Partisans and report what you find.* Intelligence, asked for help, had consulted its secrets. It seemed that nobody knew exactly where Tito was, but Intelligence had the more or less exact whereabouts of two or three Partisan groups of unknown strength.

Working on this information, I decided to send in two "blind" parties with wireless equipment. These were the boys who in all these months had worse dangers to face than anybody else, for a "blind" party is one which parachutes "on spec"—on the chance that they can find friends on the ground, but with none of these friends warned beforehand. Intelligence proved right once again. The "blind" parties were picked up by Partisans almost at once; their wireless sets came on the air, and within a week or so we had sent in a British party to northern Jugoslavia. We learned from them that Tito and the Partisan General Staff were in Montenegro; and within a few weeks we had sent in another British party direct to Tito. I could report to my btigadier that we had carried out the first part of Churchill's instructions.

As part of the second half of those instructions —to *report what you find*—I myself flew into Jugoslavia in August. W for Willy, one of four Liberator bombers we were using for parachute work, took off from the camp near Benghazi soon after dark. I remember I was exceedingly angry at the time of that take-off. My padded flying gear, for high altitudes, didn't fit; someone had given me the wrong ammunition for my pistol; I was absolutely convinced that the essential wireless transmitter had not been packed in the stores that would be dropped.

My Task In Jugoslavia

Once in the plane and off the ground, with Willy's engines evened down to a level hum of efficiency, my thoughts cleared and I stopped being angry. Brigadier Keble's instructions were fresh in my mind. *Immediately: Information. The strength of the main body of Partisans under Tito. Armament. Equipment. Organization. Fighting potential.* Thus the last briefing had run, soberly, in an office in that little red-brick building in the middle of Cairo. *Long term: Prospects for full-scale collaboration with Allied armies in the Mediterranean theatre.*

But more than that. Within a little while, I knew, a senior liaison officer, probably a brigadier (it was finally Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean), would be sent to Tito to conduct negotiations at high level. It was known that Churchill was eager to have top-level liaison with Tito. Consequently: *Your task is not to stay at Tito's headquarters longer than is necessary to ensure interim liaison. Your task is to get right away from headquarters and to report on Partisan formations in the field. Don't stay with the big fighting units. Get down to the companies and sections.*

Nor was that the whole of it. *Move northward, if you can, to the Danube, to the Hungarian frontier. Try to establish links across the Danube, links with any resistance that may be stirring in Hungary. We've nothing in Hungary to catch hold of. Try to find us something. Or someone.* It seemed to me, lying in W for Willy's glass-fronted nose and watching the mountains of Dalmatia rise out of the sea, that there was more than enough on my plate.

Soon W for Willy banked gently inwards and left the sea behind. We began to climb. Another hour passed, and I worked my way back through the bomb racks into the fuselage. It could not be long before we picked up the signals on the ground. I wanted to tell myself that I wasn't in a blue funk, but I couldn't. . . .

Then I saw eight little fires on the ground, twinkling far below between a rift in the clouds. They were the signals we were looking for. Willy began to lose height, then began to circle over the signal fires. The stores were dropped.

A red light shone beside the hold in Willy's fuselage floor. *Wait.*

You have to wait for the green light which comes on after the red light. It takes several seconds, and this waiting for the green light is the time when fear and nausea grip the paratrooper by the throat. Your stomach falls out of you, you can't breathe. . . .

Green light. *Go!*

Thunder and wind tore at me as I catapulted through space. Going over Niagara Falls in a bucket must be something like this. Then silence, blessed all-pervading silence, and I was swinging gently above the quiet earth. A moment ago I had slipped out of Willy's great thundering fuselage. Now Willy was a mile away, a tiny noise lost in the night, and I was wonderfully alone, wonderfully happy.

Welcomed Me Like A King

But not for long. For I was falling quicker than I thought. The earth took shape and rushed up to hit me. I pulled hastily on the parachute lines to make sure, if I could, that I fell on my face and not on my back.

I fell on my back. I do not remember being so winded since I lost my fight in the boxing finals at school. I lay on my back and moaned for want of wind. Then someone was hauling at me and helping me up. Men were gathering round me, sturdy figures in the darkness with silhouettes that showed slung rifles, grenades at their belts. A few had blankets across their shoulders.

Their officer came striding out of the night. We grasped each other's hands. "Welcome to free Jugoslavia," he said. He smiled and welcomed me as if he were a king inviting me into his palace. As we walked across the little mountain meadow upon which I had fallen from W for Willie, a peasant woman came up to me and touched my sleeve. I looked into her face, and saw that it was rigid with disbelief. It was for her as if she had seen one of the angels of God come falling out of Heaven. She did not want to believe what she had seen; but she caught at my arm, and my arm was solid to her touch. "Oh, God. Oh, God," I heard her muttering.

Jugoslavia became very real to me in those first few days. We were in the midst of jagged mountains in central Bosnia, beset on every side by a persistent and still self-confident enemy, short of food, short of ammunition, short of everything an army needs—except courage.

Report on what you find, was my directive. Report, above all, on Tito and his generals. I did not have to wait for long. The next evening Bill Deakin, who had already spent many weeks with Tito, guided me to the pinewood, two miles away from our landing place, where Tito had his headquarters. We went with Vlatko Velebit, who, next year, was

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In a glamorous evening gown, Sylvia Shelley holds a difficult pose. The secret of her success: an ordinary girl feels that, with a little luck, she might look like her

Clothes pegs and belt padding help to make a sleek picture for photographer Peter Peck

Girl with a thousand personalities

by ELKAN ALLAN

She can do a quick change from the gay, open-air girl to the sultry beauty. And the smile always looks like the real thing

EVERY HEAD IN BOND STREET swivelled round to stare at the pretty girl wearing what looked from the front to be a smart blue costume. The cause of the attention was not only her good looks—it was the fact that there were six large clothes pegs pinching in the coat right down her back. Only when they saw the cameraman did they realize she was a model, posing for a fashion photograph.

Her name is Sylvia Shelley, and her face is familiar. "After seven years of modelling, I don't think twice about standing in the smartest places with pegs, clips and safety pins behind me. And although I've occasionally shocked one of my friends who happened to meet me in the Ritz by looking, from behind, as though I were a haberdasher's shop, I've stopped worrying about it. What matters is the photograph, and if a garment is too big, then pegs or whatever comes to hand will do to make it look right."

Sylvia is one of the thousand girls in London who like to think of themselves as models, and one of the small proportion who work regularly. She spends every day in front of cameras, striking attitudes and looking beautiful, while the photographer catches a nice balance between her and the garment she is wearing or the product she is holding. Now that more manufacturers are using the female face and figure in their advertisements just to draw attention to the product (although there may be no real excuse for a picture of a girl), she spends much of her time just looking fresh and pretty.

Her smile really is her fortune, for, as one photographer puts it, "very few models can smile and look as though they really mean it; Sylvia is one of those who can." She calculates—with a smile—that cameras click 150 times a week to record her image, which makes 52,500 since her first job. "But I often have to look snooty if, say, I'm wearing a very chic hat." And the trend is for the model to appear as though she is altogether superior to the ordinary run of human beings, thus suggesting that what she is wearing is equally superior.

Strangers Offer Her Marriage

Honey-blonde, dark-eyed, deep-voiced, and with the height necessary for modelling, Sylvia's idea of a pleasant evening is an early visit to the theatre or ballet, or, when her six-year-old son Nicholas is home from boarding school, just staying in her three-roomed flat near Regent's Park. Whenever a magazine or advertisement mentions her name she gets shoals of letters, some welcome—like the tribute from a Middle East Army unit informing her she had been chosen as their pin-up girl—but many merely annoying. She often gets presents from unknown admirers. Once, when she appeared as a blushing June bride to advertise a wedding gown, a farmer in Australia not only wrote begging her to marry him, but enclosed a steamship ticket, too. Like all such gifts, it went back by return.

She crashed into modelling almost literally, when ski-ing in Switzerland. Having landed in a heap in the snow, she looked up laughing to find herself being photographed. The photographer thought the picture was so good that he made a huge enlargement of the head and put it outside his shop. When she got home it was shown to friends in advertising, who signed her up right away. "I was a rotten model at first, though. I died a thousand deaths every time I was in front of a camera because of my *retroussé* nose. Then somebody pointed out that Churchill had one, too, and I didn't feel so bad."

Aged thirty-two, she looks much younger, and is, in fact, says a fashion photographer, "every girl's idea of herself." Some of the high fashion models who people the pages of the glossiest magazines look impossibly exquisite, but an ordinary girl gazing at Sylvia's photograph can feel that with a little luck she might look like that. But this is an illusion, for photographs make people look fatter than they are, and Sylvia's measurements—height 5 ft. 7 in., bust 34 in., waist 24 in., hips 35 in., shoe size 6, glove size 7—are not easily come by. She does not diet: "I have to rush around so much that although I get a terrific appetite I'm kept slim."

Carrying one or two cases full of make-up, chiffon to put over her hair when changing, and sometimes an entire wardrobe of clothes, she hurries between as many as six engagements a day in various parts of London. In the course of a morning she may pose in a bathing costume, a jumper for a knitting pattern, and a selection of hats. Photographers' studios tend to be draughty places and, like most models, she does not undress more than she has to. "On one occasion I remember wearing the top of a bathing costume in front of a scene pretending to be the seaside on a hot day, while the rest of me was bundled up in a thick skirt and fur-lined boots!"

As a rule she gets two guineas for each garment she poses in, which is half a guinea more than the standard minimum, but not nearly as much as No. 1 model Barbara Goalen's reported fee of

Sylvia Shelley at home. Her code of ethics bans nude posing or photographs in underwear

five guineas a garment. In a good week Sylvia can earn fifty guineas, but sometimes it drops to ten. Her expenses are heavy—£5 a week on taxis, up to £400 a year on clothes (because models have to provide many of their own), ten shillings a week on make-up, plus weekly hair-dos.

Her hair she reckons as her chief asset, being fair, which is rare among models, soft, and easily manageable. She likes the fashion to be on the long side, because then she can change it quickly and, with it, her personality. She has the gift of altering her whole appearance in a thousand ways to suit the photograph: she can be a gay, frank, open-air girl one minute, and then, with a movement of her long hands and a tilting of the chin, become the severe beauty of the more expensive perfume advertisements. So thoroughly can she transform her appearance that her mother does not always recognize her picture.

Capturing The Glamour Pose

Posing for some photographers can be harrowing, particularly when they are temperamental and play Ravel's Bolero perpetually on the gramophone to get the atmosphere right. A successful picture depends on a sympathy between photographer and model, but at the same time a girl must expect to be treated as a precision machine. Gazing into his plate camera where her upside-down image appears, a photographer issues her with a series of orders: "Keep your right heel raised slightly. . . . Bend your right knee slightly and cross it over your left and keep your left tense, dear. . . . Just enjoy the whole thing. . . . Tilt your head away from the camera, darling. . . . Turn it into profile. . . . Chin well up, *please*. . . . Smile now . . . wider . . . wider . . . slightly less. . . . Good! Beautiful! Now raise your left arm and bend the hand to touch the cheek. . . . Twist the hand so that it's thin to the camera. . . . Raise your first finger and arrange the rest of your hand prettily . . . *prettily*, I said, darling . . . crook your little finger ever so slightly. . . . Breath in to raise your chest. . . . Wonderful! Chin up. . . . Chin up . . . up. . . ."

And she has to hold the pose for ten or twenty minutes, licking her lips before each shot. Sometimes she has to hold a difficult position for an hour. In the search for new and unusual high fashion poses, Sylvia has had to pose in many extraordinary ways. The strangest was when a French photographer made her lie on the ground in order to take the hat she was wearing.

Dress designers like to have professional models as mannequins in their major shows because they show up better when the clothes are photographed, and Sylvia spends much of her time parading up and down in front of critical eyes. This work is heavy on shoes and stockings, for a single show may mean a three-mile walk.

Her most terrifying experience as a mannequin was in front of the television cameras. "Like fools, two other models and I had volunteered to take part in a quiz programme with an amateur mannequin; the idea was that a viewer was asked to guess which he thought was the non-professional. Halfway through the rehearsals it suddenly struck us what an awful thing it would be to be picked as looking incompetent, and we were all so strung up when the time came that we were shaking like leaves—except the amateur, who was doing it for fun. All three of us ought to have been mistaken for amateurs in that performance, and the professional who was picked was naturally upset."

Miss Shelley's favourite work is modelling hats, of which she herself has a large and fantastic collection, some of them bought cheaply after modelling them. She annoyed a good client recently, however, when, after doing a show of his hats for the benefit of a Press photographer, she was stopped on the way out and her own hat, made by a rival designer, was photographed and subsequently featured in preference to those she had been paid to wear.

When She Got Engaged

Sylvia Shelley is not her real name; she borrowed the surname of her favourite poet. When it was announced in *The Times* (under her real name) that she was engaged to be married, many of the photographers who paid her to model for them every day under her professional name wrote, as they do to everyone who announces their engagement, to ask if she would care to order some photographs from them.

Few models graduate into the "matron" class, because a rounder figure is required, and life begins at forty for those who specialize in showing clothes for older women. Younger models, who find that the tiny wrinkles round their eyes reveal them to be not so young as they were, either marry and settle down, or else move into advertising agencies or become buyers for stores. A few have gone round to the other side of the camera and become photographers themselves, and others start model agencies.

Sylvia operates through an agency run by a slim and elegant Scotswoman, who has on her books a hundred models, eighteen of whom are in the top flight. She is inundated with would-be models, and chooses those aged sixteen and seventeen, because they are more pliable, but advises them not to expect to make a living in the first six months.

Mere prettiness is not enough, she says; good looks must be of the sort which are emphasized in a photograph. Other essentials are poise, personality, good deportment, and enough cash in hand to have smart shoes, handbags, gloves, skirts and hats, which are mostly provided by the model. Sylvia recently had to provide three evening dresses of different colours for a shot in which she was playing the part of a hostess.

The secret of the few girls, who—as anyone who studies the women's magazines and advertisements knows—do most of the work, is adaptability. Explains Sylvia: "You have to get on with all sorts of people. I may occasionally lose my temper, but it doesn't pay to let your feelings often get on top of you. We have a natural poise and a good stance—all the training in the world is no good unless you have natural grace. And a model has to *work*—too many so-called models are just débutantes who like to prove to their friends how glamorous they are."

Sylvia has her own code of modelling ethics. Underwear, patent medicines and nude posing are out. "It would upset both my grandmother and my friends." She does not smoke, but agreed one day to pose for a cigarette advertisement. When she arrived at the studio, she found that the man with whom she was to pose was also a non-smoker, and the cigarettes they lit up were almost the first they had ever puffed.

"Of course, we coughed and spluttered, our eyes watered, and very soon we looked quite the opposite of happy, contented smokers. The poor photographer smoked himself into a frenzy, and we finally had to put out our cigarettes and have the smoke faked on the negatives."

Overtime With A Smile

Work is hardest during the *couturier* dress shows. Then models have to be prepared to work into the small hours, first showing off the new season's collections, and then being photographed in them, because pictures cannot be taken until the fashions have been revealed. Sylvia has often spent the morning parading in front of buyers, the lunch hour in quickfire photographing of the morning's creations, the afternoon showing more dresses, and then the night at a film studio doing the whole thing all over again. "And we're supposed to look sweet and fresh the whole time!"

Worst of all garments to model are swimsuits in bitter cold weather, and fur coats in the summer. "A winter's range of furs is always prepared in the previous summer, and there always seems to be a heatwave on when they have to be photographed." The models wear only underclothes beneath the heavy coats, but fainting is nevertheless frequent in the stuffy studios.

"There was the time I'd been wearing a mink coat for a quarter of an hour and been mopped with a towel at least once," Sylvia recalls. "I was trying to hold a gay pose when I found myself on the floor sniffing sal volatile. I went outside for a breath of air, but no sooner had I started posing again than I fell down in another faint. So they called off the session—although I'm not sure whether it was out of consideration for me or to keep the mink from getting dirty on the floor. And then people have the nerve to say to me when I tell them I'm a model: 'What easy work it must be, just sitting all day and smiling at a camera!'" THE END

Toscanini, stormy genius in search of perfection

by DAVID CLAYTON

His rehearsals are volcanic. Batons and insults fly at the orchestra. But no one minds when it's the legendary Maestro

Toscanini as the musicians see him. His uncanny ear and phenomenal memory made him supreme

TOWARDS THE END of a long and tiring rehearsal in Carnegie Hall, New York, in June, 1948, Signor Arturo Toscanini, then eighty-one, was leading his men of the National Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra through a *fortissimo* passage of a symphony with all his usual vigour.

For once, the Maestro (nobody has called him anything but that for the last fifty years) seemed pleased with their performance. The perspiration rolled off his collar, and his black alpaca rehearsal jacket was beginning to show patches of dampness as, with baton swinging and arms flailing, he brought in the timpani and brass with his usual might.

Then suddenly from the Maestro came a cry of anguish which every orchestra Toscanini has ever conducted has come to recognize as the first sign of a gathering storm. The baton, by now in small pieces, flew over the heads of the violins. The music stand went flying with a well-aimed kick from the Maestro's foot. From Toscanini himself came vague mutterings in a mixture of French, German, Italian and English which the orchestra, through past experience, interpreted as meaning that they were dolts, fools, a stupid bunch of children not fit to play a tin whistle, with a few added remarks as to his doubts about their parentage.

Martinet Who Misses Nothing

Next, as the orchestra sat there immovable but at the ready, the Maestro ripped off his alpaca jacket, tore it into small strips and threw it away. There was still silence and little surprise as he peered through his shortsighted eyes around the orchestra until they came to rest on an inoffensive and blushing flute player. Then the mutterings started again, in the same language and conveying the same sentiments.

"You played that note wrong again," said the Maestro. "You played it wrong six weeks ago. Please do not think I do not notice. I always notice. I know. Gentlemen, we will please resume."

The librarian's boy, whose sole rehearsal job it is to hand Toscanini a new baton when he flies off the handle, stepped up and handed him another from his large and often-replenished stock, and the sixty-four musicians marvelled once again at the Maestro's uncanny ear and his phenomenal memory. They know that nothing escapes him and no wrong note, no slurred note, will ever go unheard. They respect him for his integrity and, hardboiled as they are, they are willing to make allowances for his volcanic temper, which they know is only the irritation of a genius at being frustrated once again in his lifelong search for perfection in his music.

Musicians, as a race, have a hundred time-honoured tricks to make an awkward conductor look silly — the deliberate wrong note, the deliberate ignoring of the beat from the man on the stand, and the exasperating delays that can be "arranged" by having G strings go snap all at the same time. They are part of the professional musicians' repertoire, and they can cow the strongest conductor into submission, or better manners—all except the Maestro.

He Knows Them All

Only once has an orchestra retaliated—and then only as a harmless joke, and at a safe distance. That was in 1936 when the Maestro, having tired of tearing alpaca jackets into rags, had taken to smashing costly gold watches. This, thought the gentlemen of the orchestra, was going too far. They decided to make a small collection among themselves for a ten-shilling watch. On the back they had an engraver write an inscription which ran: "For use at rehearsals only." Nobody could be found with enough courage to present it to him personally, so they sent it by registered post. Toscanini still uses it, although his heel has flattened it beyond recognition and there are no longer any works.

It has been said that he knows the complete score of over five hundred operas and symphonies

The Maestro with his two daughters. He is bitterly resentful of any intrusion into his private life

and hundreds of other shorter works besides. Last year, during the intermission at a concert in Philadelphia, a harassed double bassoon player, trying over a tricky passage in the band-room below the stage, found to his horror that his E flat key had stuck. Fearfully, he decided to go and tell the Maestro, who was in his dressing-room following his usual habit of taking a shower and changing his shirt. The Maestro put his head in his hands and concentrated. Then he looked up. "You should not worry, my friend," he said sternly. "You have no E flat to play in our symphony tonight. Everybody knows that. You should know it."

Once, while discussing an obscure piece of chamber music with some friends while on a visit to his native Italy, he went to the piano and played the entire second movement. The last time he had seen the score was as a student sixty-five years before. It was this unique memory and his ear which, in fact, began to make musicians talk about him at an early age.

Born on March 25, 1867, in Parma, northern Italy, the son of a poor Italian tailor, he entered the Conservatory there to study the 'cello. After the Conservatory he took a post with an Italian opera company travelling to South America. While the company was playing in Rio de Janeiro, the orchestra found itself without a conductor and Toscanini, then barely nineteen, was given a trial. Before a packed house, he walked to the rostrum to conduct *Aïda*. He had never conducted before, but with complete self-assurance he looked down at the open score for a moment, slammed it shut, lifted his baton and went through the whole performance without making a single mistake.

Lightning Rise To Greatness

Next morning he was acclaimed by the critics. Before returning to Italy he conducted eighteen more operas, all from memory, and orchestra managements fell over each other to offer him jobs. When the conductorship of the orchestra at the most famous opera house in the world—La Scala, Milan—fell vacant, it was offered to Toscanini. He was then thirty-one.

For ten years he reigned supreme at La Scala, breaking many traditions, but bringing to Milan a standard of opera it had never known before. Up to that time, Italian music lovers had been insular and unwilling to believe that any other country could produce great music, but they enjoyed Toscanini conducting works by Wagner, Weber and Gluck. The Maestro began to be acclaimed as the greatest conductor in the world.

But there were frequent storms during those ten years. Toscanini demanded costly rehearsals. He quarrelled with the management, who, temperamental as he was, refused his requests. Toscanini wept, raved and sulked, but to no avail. At last he threw down his baton and went away to America to conduct at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Rehearsed For Ten Hours

There, too, for eight years the Maestro raised opera to new heights of excellence. But once again those demands for rehearsals, that determination for perfection at all costs (he once rehearsed his orchestra for ten hours without a break) caused trouble. Again the lightning resignation and the soul-rending search for some management who perhaps understood that his demands were reasonable.

Again back to La Scala—and more trouble. This time it was Mussolini. Toscanini hated Fascism and all its works. Soon he left Italy again to become the conductor of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society.

The Toscanini legend grew. Wherever professional musicians gather they tell stories of that era. How once, when the orchestra was rehearsing Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, a miracle happened. As an orchestra, they had played it many times before, but as the rehearsal progressed they felt that they were getting a completely new insight into the work. "It was," said one musician, "as if the Maestro was laying bare the soul of Beethoven as we played." At the end, as one man, the whole orchestra stood up and began to cheer. Many of them were weeping. Toscanini, embarrassed for once, tried to stop them. With the tears rolling down and in a choking voice he said at last, "You see, gentlemen—it is not me. It is Beethoven."

Another time, a famous prima donna complained that she, and not Toscanini, was the star. The Maestro took a deep breath, and with his temper half-controlled for once said, "Madam, stars there are only up in the sky. Down here we are all only poor musicians. And so help me God, you are the worst musician I have ever seen."

In 1934 came the start of his famous seasons at the Salzburg Festival. They say that Toscanini was happy there because he was lost in the sunken orchestra pit and could not be seen. But again, following the pattern—trouble. This time it was Hitler. Toscanini, who has always described himself as *un contadino*—a peasant—spoke with even greater heat against Nazism than he had against Mussolini. When Hitler marched into Austria, Salzburg saw him no more.

Injury That Stopped Festival Visit

A year before the second World War, the National Broadcasting Company of America decided to form an orchestra. They scoured Europe for musicians. They drew up a contract allowing Toscanini as many rehearsals as he thought necessary. His years with the N.B.C. have been comparatively trouble-free, although there are rumours that he will retire this year on the grounds of ill-health. In late January it was announced that he would not, after all, be visiting Britain to conduct the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra in the first concert at the Festival Hall because he is suffering from an old knee injury. British music lovers rushed into print pleading that, if the Maestro could not conduct standing up, he should do so sitting down. This caused a lot of amusement among members of his N.B.C. orchestra. "To think of the Maestro conducting sitting down," said one, "is like trying to imagine Joe Louis fighting in a bath chair."

Rumour follows rumour about retirement. Nobody has dared to ask the Maestro whether these rumours are true. He has always refused to be interviewed. For years reporters have tried to find out how much he earns, and to track down the secret charities to which he contributes about two-thirds of an income that must be in excess of £50,000 a year. He was incensed when newspapers found out that he had sent 30,000 pairs of shoes to poor children in Italy; that he had contributed £3,500 towards the repair of the bomb-damaged La Scala in Milan, and paid his own expenses to conduct there when it reopened.

More than anything, he resents any intrusion into the privacy of his home. "What does it matter?" he asked reporters one day. "What does it matter to all you fools what colour tie I wear or whether I sleep in a nightshirt? My life is my own. Please let me go in peace."

But, because Toscanini is news, Pressmen never leave him alone for long. By joining together various stories, by shrewd questioning of his family circle, they have been able to piece together what the Maestro is like at home.

The One Person He Listens To

Life in his comfortable, fourteen-room house at Riverdale, a New York suburb, as is to be expected, revolves around the Maestro. He listens to but one person—Carla, his wife. She cuts his hair, tells him what suit to wear, and is the only person on earth who can get him to bed before midnight. When the Maestro is displeased, a gloom descends upon the whole house. He refuses to eat and pouts when the rest of the family (which includes his son-in-law, Vladimir Horowitz, the world-famous pianist) feels disinclined to follow suit.

In his rare moments of relaxation he likes to look at Mickey Mouse films, which he runs through on his home projector. He is a television fan and loves to watch all-in wrestling matches. Everything he does is intense. Everything he undertakes he tries to do with perfection.

On his eightieth birthday someone approached his son, Walter, to ask him what Toscanini considered the greatest achievement of his remarkable life. To this Walter replied, "The Maestro, I feel, could not answer that question. Whatever he happens to be doing at the moment is the greatest achievement of his life—whether it be tackling a Shostakovitch symphony, writing a letter or peeling an orange." THE END

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

For the Festival, all was plain sailing—but Laura and Theodore had a private life, too. And here was trouble

The porter, coming between them, started the trouble. Neither knew then what had happened

People in the story . . .

LAURA CASEY: secretary to Commodore Tribe, after losing her job with Bulfoss and Sons, estate agents.

THEODORE JENKS: the Commodore's assistant; in love with Laura.

COMMODORE TRIBE: self-appointed organizer of the proposed Festival at Farbridge.

MICHAEL SEACOMBE: a young journalist handling publicity for the Festival; Theodore's rival for Laura.

SETH HULL: proprietor of the White Hart Hotel, and the Commodore's ally in the Festival campaign—a bluff, self-made man with many interests.

GRACE: an attractive little woman the Commodore met—and lost—in London. She reappeared again in Farbridge, and again disappeared.

MR. CRANDRY: newspaper proprietor and chairman of the local theatre company; a liverish, angry man.

COLONEL WHATMORE: the Commodore's first enemy in Farbridge; owner of an artificial silk works and vice-chairman of the theatre company.

MRS. COOTE: chairman of the Education Committee: a Festival supporter.

MR. JORDAN: eccentric, retired proprietor of Jordan's Stores; a rich old man who supports the Festival.

LAURA was sitting in the office typing some letters when in came Theodore, smiling, and the Commodore, who looked like an old Roman Emperor returning in triumph. "All settled," he cried. "Laura, get a pencil and notebook or something."

"Very Napoleonic, aren't you?" said Laura dryly.

"Certainly. Have to be. Now that it's settled, there's a hell of a lot to do all at once." He sat down, lit his pipe, and continued briskly: "They had a meeting yesterday, as I thought. Festival agreed upon. A fortnight. Last week in May, first week in June. Mrs. Coote's suggestion was accepted—a grant of three thousand five hundred. Must pay for everything, including all our expenses."

"It isn't much, you know," said Laura rather sharply, for she thought the Commodore too vague and optimistic about money, "not when you think what we have to do."

"We'll have to do some preliminary budgeting, of course," said the Commodore. "Theodore can start on that, this afternoon. Don't forget there's more to come than that three thousand five hundred. Old Jordan will give us a thousand. That's four thousand five hundred. Then my friend—er—Grace promised me five hundred if this thing went through. That brings it up to five thousand, right off."

"Yes, but where is she?" said Theodore.

"Oh—she'll turn up. And she knows where to find us. By the way, I must get hold of young Seacombe, to put out some publicity. Grace'll see it then. She did before."

"You know, I didn't see much of this Grace woman the other night," said Laura thoughtfully. "And she seemed quite pleasant—rather sweet in an innocent sort of way. But isn't it possible she might be quietly mad?"

"Certainly not," the Commodore thundered. "Monstrous idea. I'm surprised at you, Laura."

"But you never know——"

"Of course I know. No more off her head than you are. Less, in fact. And you'll oblige me by not talking like that again, my dear girl."

"Why, I do believe——"

"That's five thousand," said the Commodore, cutting her off sharply. "And with what we've got in hand, plus a few more private contributions—from Seth, for one—it'll be nearer six thousand than five."

"I shall budget on five," said Theodore firmly.

"Please yourself—but don't starve anything for the sake of a few extra hundreds. Next. They've arranged for a Festival Committee, to whom we're responsible. Not finally settled who's on it, but probably Mrs. Coote, Jordan, Huntley, Miss Weeks, Councillor Gisburn, and that fellow Coverack, to handle the finance. Pity about him, but I couldn't do anything about it."

"We shall have some trouble with him," said Laura darkly.

"We shall have all kinds of trouble before we've finished," said the Commodore rather airily. "But we'll meet it when it comes. Next—programme. Some things they insist on. You made a note of 'em, Theodore, my boy."

THEODORE glanced at his notes. "A Farbridge Pageant, to be performed in the football ground, probably for three nights. A Festival Ball——"

"Crikey!" said Laura.

"Probably in the Corn Exchange, date to be arranged. On the middle Saturday—a procession, gala in the park, fireworks. That's what they insist upon having, and we've agreed. And we undertake to organize some concerts in the Corn Exchange, a good theatre company, doing more than one play, at the Palace, some special films, two or three small exhibitions, and half a dozen lectures at the Central Library—both Mrs. Coote and Huntley are very keen on them."

"And you two go up to London tomorrow," said the Commodore masterfully, "to see what you can do about the music, drama, lectures, and so forth. Can't afford to waste a day now. But we'll discuss that later. Next thing is premises. We must have them and I've had my eye on the perfect place, that empty shop on the other side of the High Street, nearly at the end. Good position, several rooms——"

"But do we really want a place like that?" Laura asked, with a protesting note in her voice.

"We do, you know, Laura," said Theodore. "I've been working it out. It's not just offices—though this room wouldn't be big enough, and it's not easy to find—but we want a central place where people can ask us what's happening and book seats and obtain tickets. And that shop's just right, as the Commodore says."

"I know the place. Bulfoss's are the agents. Don't forget I was there. And those are very valuable premises. Why, it would cost us the earth."

"We're only going to rent 'em for a couple of months," said the Commodore. "I'm not sure

"I don't care!" cried Laura. "I'll never forgive Theodore for this—never—never—never"

the Council couldn't requisition 'em. Laura—you're going there this afternoon."

"Where? To the Council?"

"No, back to Bulfoss's. To make an offer to rent that shop."

"Why, I couldn't begin——" And then she broke off. After all, perhaps it was time she did something cheeky and preposterous for the good of the cause. She smiled. "All right, I'll go this afternoon."

And that was how the Festival organizers, a few days later, found themselves occupying the central and commodious premises situate at 121 High Street, on payment of the nominal rent of fifteen pounds per week.

WHILE Laura was dealing with Bulfoss and Sons, the Commodore went back to the scene of his major defeats, the registered office of the Farbridge Theatre Company, Limited. The attraction at the Palace this week was a touring revue, entitled "Stop it, Girls!" After glancing at the photographs of the cast, the Commodore decided that it had the same horrible mixture of brassy youngsters and decayed old troupers that he and Mobbs had found there when they had visited the theatre a week or two ago."

"Not a big attraction," said the manager sadly.

"Is it worse than the show I saw here with Captain Mobbs?" said the Commodore.

"Not quite up to it," the manager admitted.

"Good God!" The exclamation came before the Commodore could check it. He had no desire to vex this aged man. "Well, you've heard that we're having our Festival?"

The spectre of a smile haunted the manager's waxed moustache for perhaps a second. "Yes. I was very pleased to hear it, though of course it won't do us much good."

"It will. You'll be in it, my dear sir."

The manager risked shaking his head. "Mr. Crandry won't have it, you know. I'm very sorry, but there it is."

"There it isn't," said the Commodore briskly. "I'm here, as you know, to have another talk to Mr. Crandry about our Festival."

"No use," said the manager wistfully. "I'd better take you up to him. But I might as well warn you, Commodore. Mr. Crandry doesn't seem to like you."

"That's not news," said the Commodore cheerfully. "He doesn't like me and I don't like him."

They were now going upstairs. "I must confess," the manager whispered through the gloom, "he's a bit sharp and apt to put his foot down. But then he can afford to, can't he?"

"We shall see. I suppose he's condescending to see me again, after saying he wouldn't, so that I can watch him putting his foot down."

A strange sound suggested that the manager was laughing after his own fashion. "You have to go carefully with him. It wasn't easy at first, but I manage all right now."

"Is Colonel Whatmore with him again?" asked the Commodore.

"No, he's alone. Might ask me to stay, this time. He often does."

The manager was right. He was commanded to remain, which he did in the humblest possible manner, sitting on the very edge of the chair nearest the door. Meanwhile, the Commodore had settled himself in an armchair and was now lighting his pipe.

"Well," said Crandry in his peculiar harsh scream, "you've got your Festival, such as it is."

"And you told me I wouldn't, remember?"

"All right, I was mistaken. I knew there were plenty of fools round here—in the Council, too—but I didn't think they were silly enough to give somebody like you a few thousands to play with. But don't think you can do what you like with that money. Don't get that into

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Major Clifford (second from right) watches as pupils see the wrong way to receive patrons

A cinema manager learns his job

by ERIC BENNETT

A busy cinema is also a school where showmen of the future are taught to find their feet on the foyer's thick carpet

TWENTY-TWO YEAR OLD Derek Ivens carefully smoothed out his smart white monkey jacket, snapped on his torch and ushered the cinema patron down to the one-and-threepenny seats. "Oi, steward!" cried the cinemagoer, staring at the monkey jacket, "bring us a drink next time you're on deck." Then, seeing other white-coated young men in the auditorium, he added, facetiously: "Blimey, I didn't know I'd come to a circus."

Derek Ivens admits that he had to fight the temptation to crown the patron with his torch. Instead, he bowed politely. Next day the monkey jackets were withdrawn, and Derek and his colleagues at J. Arthur Rank's School for Cinema Managers were fitted out in tailor-made, double-breasted dinner jackets with silver-grey facings.

Now, after a course that lasted nearly six months Derek and his four colleagues of the first intake are ready for their first jobs as trainee assistant managers. They have learned considerably more than how to take it from the noisier clients. They have done the work of usherettes, cashiers, ticket-checkers, clerks and doormen. They have stoked the boilers, polished the brasswork, emptied the ashtrays, vacuum-cleaned the carpets, and then put on neat lounge suits to attend lectures in their "schoolroom" behind the stage.

The School for Cinema Managers is in north-west London, at the Gaumont, Finchley, and the headmaster—or chief instructor, to give him his proper title—is Major Ernest Clifford, who drew up the curriculum for the training course. More than thirty years in show business, former manager of concert halls as well as such well-known cinemas as the Capitol in Haymarket, the Astoria at Brixton, the Regal at Uxbridge, and the Odeons at Glasgow and Leeds, he knows all the answers from rich experience.

Before the boys went to the school they were carefully handpicked. When they answered the advertisements placed in selected London and provincial newspapers, they were sent a booklet on cinema management, detailing the complications of the job in a big theatre on a big circuit, and also a questionnaire. Likely candidates appeared before a selection board; for the first term at school, two dozen were selected and have been entering in small intakes. "No possibility of these chaps failing," says Major Clifford. "We have got the right types."

He led the way into the classroom where three of the youngsters were waiting for him to lecture. They sprang to their feet politely. Twenty-year-old P. A. L. Skinner, of Weston-super-Mare, had been at the local grammar school before joining the R.A.F. N. A. Davy, of the same age, had been at school at Rossall. W. A. Dean, two years older, from Plymouth, had thrown up a job in municipal government to take this opportunity of learning a new career.

Ushering Is Not So Easy

Downstairs in the auditorium, wielding his torch with a professional air, was twenty-one year old Richard Shaw, from Winnipeg, Canada. When he was at art school in Winnipeg, his father had said: "I will pay for your painting lessons, but not for your horse." So Richard, who is mad about horses, took a spare-time job as cinema usher so that he could afford to keep his own pony. Then he decided that there was a big future in emigrating—to Britain. Here he studied art, and rode racehorses for an Epsom trainer. Then he saw the chance of a new career and was accepted for the managers' school.

For those without previous experience it takes a little time to learn the knack of the apparently simple business of ushering patrons into seats. It is not easy to manoeuvre the torch without blinding people who are already watching the film. "And you feel such a fool when you walk the entire length of the aisle, flicking your torch for someone to follow you, and then find that he has found a seat somewhere else," says Davy.

But he confessed that his most embarrassing moment was when he was acting as ticket checker. He dropped a ticket, and as he bent down to pick it up, the false stiff shirtfront popped out of his dinner jacket. "I looked up and saw the foyer was crowded," he went on. "I did not dare stand up again, but had to keep crouching until I had manoeuvred the dicky back into position."

That experience was capped by young Donald Malborn, whose clip-on black bow-tie dropped off while he was acting as usher in the circle. He did not notice it, but carried on tieless until a woman, with a grin, picked his tie off the floor and held it out to him.

In the intervals of the practical business of doing the work and getting to know the problems of each member of a cinema staff, the young men attend lectures from the chief executives of the Rank Organization on various aspects of the organization as a whole. After each lecture they are set a test paper, and the results are filed away in each man's dossier. They are also taken on visits to every office of the organization, and learn on the spot how films are booked and how they are made, how they are publicised and how they can be exploited.

On Trial As Chief Of Staff

These visits and lectures continue throughout the course. They include talks by outside experts on such subjects as cinema licensing regulations and council by-laws affecting them; on printing and publicity; and on advertising lay-outs. By the ninth week the trainees have become cashiers in the payboxes, and they round off their front-of-house work with a fortnight as chief of staff. The chief of staff in a big cinema is in charge of personnel, which may number

A pupil takes his turn as ticket checker. At his side, a trained usherette watches critically

up to 100, and is responsible for discipline.

Tom Smith, smartly uniformed, bemedalled ex-Coldstreamer, who is chief of staff at Finchley, was putting twenty-year-old Denis O'Connell through his paces in his private room. "Everything going well," he reported. "It's all a matter of routine and discipline. Unruly customers? Bouncing? No, we never get that here." And he added slyly: "This isn't Finsbury Park."

"It is true we have very little trouble in cinemas from unruly types these days," said Major Clifford later. "And it's fortunate that none of the trainees has been upset by any incidents. You see, it is our first concern here to break down their self-consciousness—the first step in turning them into showmen—and we don't want their confidence shaken. All the same, there might be trouble; I tell them how to approach an awkward customer with their hands behind their backs, so that they cannot possibly appear threatening or even be open to a charge of technical assault."

In the thirteenth week of the course the trainees begin to learn the technical side of the cinema. They go into the projection room, study sound presentation, learn how films are re-wound, how sound recording works, how the equipment is maintained. The object is not to turn them into experts, but to enable them to put their fingers on a fault, or in inspection of the projection room to make sure that the equipment is in perfect order.

Next comes study of the ventilation and heating system and its control. Since these depend upon the boiler room it involves the young men laying aside the dinner jacket for dungarees and learning exactly how to stoke and lay a fire, so that years later, if the customers are being fried, frozen or windswept in the auditorium, the man in the boiled shirt will know exactly what instructions to give to the man in the boiler room.

The last and eighteenth week of this part of the curriculum is devoted to the practice and theory of stage and screen presentation. Stage shows are returning to the big cinemas, and there are also the odd jobs of prize presentations and first night personal appearances, which require production and rehearsal if they are to be effective. "In a way this is a revision week," says Major Clifford, "because the art of showmanship is the basic training of a cinema manager, and it forms the background to everything we teach."

Then there is a fortnight on office routine—which many trainees find the most difficult part of the course—and after that they blossom out as assistant managers: they do this in pairs under the direct supervision of G. W. Hurt, the manager of the Gaumont.

And so to the final two weeks of the course, which consist of lectures on special showmanship and film exploitation, with demonstrations. The budding managers are shown how to publicise their films by tie-ups with national advertising campaigns or with local organizations, and it is here that ideas and initiative really count. An eye-taking stunt in the foyer or a particular appeal on some local ground has been known to turn a moderate film into a surprise box office success.

The senior class of the school has already tasted success in this field. Members were allowed £12 to spend on an outside display for the Bing Crosby film, *Mr. Music*. The five of them, Derek Ivens, Denis O'Connell, Denis Kite, William Marshall and Peter Coates, worked out the design between them. They were more than gratified when the result was given a mark of distinction by the film trade Press.

They Got Used To Leg-pulls

By the end of their course they had become friends with the regular cinemagoers of Finchley, although even their dinner jackets did not stop continued leg-pulling by the one and threepennies. "I just had to get used to being called a spiv," says Peter Coates. Among the politer cracks about their uniform has been: "Arthur Rank must be doing well. That's a nice bit of stuff." Now that they are going out into the provinces for field training, the young men are grateful for those nice bits of stuff. They are being refaced with plain silk lapels and sold to them at cost price.

While at the school, trainees are paid £6 a week. Some of them are living in at the theatre, sleeping in dormitories made from converted stage dressing-rooms, and taking their meals in the cinema café. The bedrooms are light and neatly laid out; there is a lounge, in which magazines and newspapers are provided; and for running repairs to socks and buttons there is the housekeeper, smiling Mrs. Rose Chumbley, to act as "matron."

Living-in rates for trainees are £2 10s. a week. The rules are strict: lights out at 11 p.m., no girl friends and no liquor on the premises. But the resident trainees have their own house committee and they are not slow to complain if the food or service does not come up to standard.

Working days are hard. Sometimes the trainees are on duty from 9 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., with a two-hour break for lunch, but they have Friday afternoon and Sunday off.

First Emergency Duty: Avoid Panic

Major Clifford has drawn up his curriculum with the aim of giving the trainees an outline of the experience that it took him and most senior cinema managers a lifetime to acquire. His graduates should have a good idea of how to tackle anything from a breakdown in the ventilation system to a death in the theatre. "You may go all your life and never have a death in the theatre," he says, "but it is just as well to know how to deal with every emergency."

In tragedies, breakdowns and disturbances the manager's first duty is to avoid panic. But these pieces of psychological counsel are thrown in sparingly among the training lectures. The basic business is to teach the future managers to find their feet on the thick carpets of the foyer. Afterwards their prospects depend upon themselves. If they work up to management of a "key" theatre they can earn £17 a week as a minimum salary, and there are chances of further promotion to executive jobs in the Rank Organization.

Those silver-grey faced dinner jackets which have given Derek Ivens and his colleagues their first baptism of fire may one day be lined with gold. THE END

The town that wants to be a village

DICKENS immortalized Market Rasen as "the second sleepiest town in England." Now Market Rasen has attained new fame by officially applying to be reduced to the rank of a village.

Harry Hopkins went to Market Rasen to find out why. His witty and absorbing report will appear in JOHN BULL next week.

"For God's sake call the dog back!" shrieked Dick, sweating with fear. But Roddie just stood below, watching. He had no intention of doing anything

So long as Dick was in the way, he could never have Joan. It was plain that something had to be done about Dick. And it would have to be . . .

SOMETHING FINAL

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY CASWELL

THE AFFAIR STARTED when young Roddie Dalbo came up from the south to learn fell-farming. He had done two years at an agricultural college, and had set his mind on hill-sheep breeding. This is a specialized line, and, very rightly, he got himself fixed up as an apprentice hand with Joe Sim at Dale End.

He saw a lot of Dick Thwaites, the hired man at Hollowstones, the next farm along. That was natural. Their fell-grazing rights adjoin, and neighbouring farms invariably make a joint job of the various sheep-gatherings for lambing, clipping, dipping and so forth.

The two formed an extraordinary contrast. There was Roddie, elegant, quick of movement, graceful even in his working clothes, with polished manners, the type to appeal instantly to most women. And there was Dick, nothing much to look at—unless you noticed the character in his light blue eyes—chunky, and rather dumb. But those who took the trouble to know him realized that he was humorous, full of country knowledge, and utterly reliable.

Dick helped Roddie a lot. A skilled shepherd, he knew all the tricks of these cross-bred Swaledales with the Herdwick strain, all the moods and secrets of the fells themselves. He even took Roddie around all the high-perched nooks and corners of the Dale End gathering grounds, running up to 3,000 feet of rock and moss and stunted bilberry.

It was on this trip that Roddie first saw Rake Head. Dick had taken him up the stony track that crosses Greenyat Pass from Iredale to Martdale. The track is perfectly safe, several feet wide, though the edge drops away rather dizzily to a beck far below. On the left, the fell breast rears up as an impassable, glittering rock face for some distance. Then there is a small break before the next upthrust precipice. This break takes the shape of a severe scree slope, a fan of loose, broken stone, some of it as fine as gravel, rising a full 1,000 feet to a shallow shelf of herbage capped by a green top. A lowlander looking up at it might turn a little sick. To Dick it was merely a cautious scramble.

Roddie said: "That's a hell of a spot. You mean to tell me our sheep get up there?"

Dick grinned. "Ay. The sweetest grazin' is in some o' yon spots."

"Well, that's as may be," said Roddie. "But you won't catch me gathering up there."

"There's nay need. 'Tis job for dog. You send your dog up one way, across the top and down the other side. There's one thing, though. Never send up a young dog."

"Why not?"

Dick explained. A young dog, he said, was too full of bounce and energy, too reckless. It would hurry the sheep, maybe panic them. If they were driven to a wild scamper, they might easily start a great mass of the scree sliding and roaring down.

"Likely you'd lose dog and sheep, and mebbe have to make a quick dodge yourself down here. 'Tis gey loose up yonder. Some folk call it the trembles." He pointed high. "There's only one stone that's firm. You can just see it—that lump of rock."

Roddie stared at the slope. "It's a brute. Ever been up it?"

Dick gave an amused grunt. "Of course. 'Tis nowt."

"Nowt!"

Dick said: "Quickest way to Martbridge. If you go by the pass 'tis ten miles. This way, 'tis four. I go up and down about once a week."

Roddie's eyes glinted with amazement. "Whatever for?"

Dick smiled at the ground and shuffled his boot. The smile gave him a sudden and curious charm.

"I've a girl there," he said.

Roddie grinned. "She must be a smasher if she's worth risking that slope once a week."

"Ay, she's bonny, is Joan. Haven't you seen her?"

"No, I haven't," said Roddie, with a curiosity that always began to prickle at the mention of girls.

"Then come to the dance at schoolhouse on Friday. You'll meet her."

When Roddie met Joan Bowen at the dance, he

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King's Messenger flies with a bag of secrets

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

Inside may be anything from silk stockings to a peace treaty. The cloak-and-dagger days are over, but the trip can still be exciting

IF KING'S MESSENGERS were paid by the mile, as are the fortunate owners of hire car services, Sir Henry Johnson would have made a fortune in the short space of eight years. He has travelled more than 1,135,000 miles in that time and has been 6,500 hours in the air. "Countries? I can hardly think of a foreign one I haven't visited," he says.

Sir Henry, Fifth Baronet, a broad, sanguine, red-headed man, is, at sixty-four, almost the doyen of a service which began in the seventeenth century and has progressed from the "cloak and dagger" stage to the nice organization of an efficiently managed air line.

Three centuries ago a King's Messenger had to be a good horseman, dextrous with a sword and amply armed with the dubious qualities that took a man safely through the political underworld of that time. Now, according to Sir Henry, all one needs is endurance, a good digestion and an iron indifference to climate and place.

Sir Henry has the right to talk, having lasted longer than the majority of modern Messengers in an exacting and sometimes dangerous profession. "It keeps me active," he remarks, "and I see a lot of people."

What people he will see, and where, depends on how Sir Henry is posted. At the moment he is, with three-quarters of the forty or so Messengers, in the "London pool." This means that they are expected to be within one hour's reach of the Foreign Office and must be prepared to set off to practically any European country—Messengers never go to the Commonwealth—at a few hours' notice.

With them will go the Diplomatic Bag, the cause and justification of their existence as couriers. This celebrated and mysterious satchel, so dear to the writers of spy stories of the Phillips Oppenheim era, can take any form from a slim brief case covering a single document to a batch of a dozen sacks weighing thirty pounds apiece.

Bags are of two kinds, Confidential and Unconfidential, or "Crossed" and "Uncrossed," as the couriers call them. "Crossed" bags carry the Foreign Office mail: drafts of treaties and agreements; communiqués; instructions to ambassadors—the Government's registered post, as it were. "Uncrossed" bags might hold anything from toothpaste to turkeys, from the latest novel to a toy electric train. If an embassy secretary in Paris needs a new dress shirt, it is pretty certain he will get it from Jermyn Street via the "Uncrossed" diplomatic bag; his wife's silk stockings will come that way, too; so will his daughter's tennis racquet.

The International Eye Wink

Sir Henry has not the slightest idea what his bags contain; nor does he care. "My job is to get them there," he says. "I am not concerned with what's in them." There is, of course, no question of customs examination; the bags and their guardian—the Messenger's own baggage excepted—have full diplomatic immunity. All accredited countries have similar privileges. The system is a sort of international "eye wink," but governments are expected to use their immunity with honour.

Although unarmed nowadays, a Messenger is, in theory, pledged to defend his charge with his life. He must keep his bags in sight all the time; they are never, for example, carried in the "boot" of an aircraft, but are stacked prominently round and above the courier. Fifteen heavy bags are not easily concealed or carried away in an emergency, and Sir Henry has had his share of anxious moments.

A few months ago the aircraft in which he was flying developed engine trouble and made a forced landing near Lima, in Peru. "It was just getting dark," Sir Henry recalls, "and we put down in the middle of an utter wilderness. The altitude was 5,000 feet, and it was horribly cold. I got my bags out of the aircraft and draped them round me in a sort of pyramid; I must have looked rather like a sentry standing in a sandbagged post. Fortunately, the pilot got his radio working and, just as I was resigned to a sleepless and wretched night, an embassy car arrived from Lima to pick me up."

Most of the adventures that befall a modern Messenger have to do with aircraft, for, with the exception of certain journeys in Europe, the bag is invariably carried by air, as Sir Henry's 6,500 flying hours witness. Since he joined the service, no fewer than five couriers have died in air accidents, and others have been unable to stand the strain of continuous flying. Sir Henry himself seems to thrive on flying, although there have been times when he was glad to find himself on the ground.

Watching The Engine Fall Out

He remembers, wryly, a flight from Panama across the Caribbean during the war. "We were in an ancient Sikorsky flying boat known as the China Clipper. At 10,000 feet, and when we were well out to sea, one of the outboard engines fell out. I happened to be looking that way and saw it go. The moment that followed, as I waited for the flying airscrew to shear our tail off, was rather unpleasant." But the tail was spared and the Sikorsky, about twenty knots slower, managed to limp into Miami. "I thought I had never seen such a beautiful place," Sir Henry adds.

More serious were the accidents at Canton in 1948, and at Dakar two years later, when he escaped with a shaking from two violent crash landings by night. He knows what it is like to be in an aircraft struck by lightning, and has experienced the lively boredom of flying round a field for hours while the petrol is exhausted before coming in for a "belly flop."

In spite of such moments and all the various ills and incidents to which the flying courier is heir, Sir Henry would much rather take his bags that way than by train. Apart from the routine London to Paris trip, which the couriers do in winter by the night train ferry, only two journeys are made by the land route. Both are long and uncomfortable. They are to Belgrade in Jugoslavia and Sofia in Bulgaria. "It takes two and a half days to reach Sofia by the Orient Express," says Sir Henry, "but it might be two and a half years. You have to take your own food; the carriages are cold in winter and stifling in summer; the trains are always crowded. Even the grandiose scenery becomes insipid under such conditions."

On the Sofia and Belgrade trips, Sir Henry travels with a security officer. He is an unarmed civilian, like the courier, and is generally a retired sergeant of Imperial or Metropolitan police. On only one other journey is a security officer taken; that is the flight from Berlin to Moscow. This is always done in a Russian plane, and Sir Henry, who has done this lap twenty-one times, can think of more pleasant journeys by air.

The aircraft are unheated and stripped of everything that might add to the comfort of passengers. "They are usually full of soldiers," says Sir Henry. "No food is served; you can't even wash your hands, and nobody takes the slightest notice of you." The Berlin-Moscow run is not a favourite among couriers stationed in Europe.

Bag Room at the Foreign Office. All bags are weighted with lead—in case of dumping at sea

One Mystery About The Job

How does a man become a King's Messenger? Sir Henry could not say; that is the only mysterious thing about a job which, whatever the novelists might portray, is now as steady and schedule-bound as that of a business executive.

Sir Henry, who had been a cavalry officer all his life, found himself back in England after nine months in France during the "phoney" war. "One day I found a letter in my club; it was from the Foreign Office, asking me to call. I hadn't the faintest idea what it was about. When I got there, they asked me if I knew what a King's Messenger was and what the job implied. I replied cautiously. They then suggested that I take it on. I agreed. Three days later I was in Lisbon."

Most candidates ask for at least a month's grace before their first mission. Sir Henry, an old campaigner, was content with forty-eight hours. "They were a little astonished," he adds with a smile.

The peculiar qualities needed in a King's Messenger are, in this modern age, very different from those required of him in good King Charles's time, or even thirty years ago. He must, of

Sir Henry carries the diplomatic bag into an aircraft. He is never told what it contains

course, be a man of probity and poise, and of blameless antecedents. It used to be said that a courier must know three languages and be a fine horseman and a good shot. No doubt, in the old days of country house diplomacy when a courier might stay several weeks at a terminal, such social talents were useful and necessary. But his counterpart in 1951, given the present state of international relations, has little time for riding and shooting, while a knowledge of languages is, in Sir Henry's opinion, a disadvantage rather than a help. "We keep ourselves to ourselves," he says, "avoid undue familiarity and talk as little as possible."

A King's Messenger has, very rightly, certain privileges when travelling, apart from the immunity granted to his bags. The Foreign Office seldom charters an aircraft for its courier, but when he travels by train and boat, Sir Henry has a carriage and a cabin to himself and his bags. He has also a red passport and, somewhere on his person or in his suitcase, the famous silver greyhound badge.

Symbol Came From A Porringer

The symbol on the badge dates back to the romantic birth of the service. When Charles II was an exile in the Netherlands he organized a relay of clandestine couriers to keep him in touch with events and personalities in England. The men he chose were in fact nothing more than spies. His first agents numbered four: two Dutch and two Englishmen. To ensure against malice and accident, the King broke off two china greyhounds which decorated his porringer and gave one each, as a password, to the men he was sending out.

During the war, when Sir Henry was working from Calcutta, he flew "over the Hump" to Chungking twenty-five times, and frankly admits he was always glad to arrive. "It was a weekly trip," he says, "but I never quite got used to it. The weather was capricious, and the Himalayas," he adds with pleasant understatement, "are not really suited for emergency landings."

He had gone to Calcutta—a wartime post—from Washington, where he had been sent after his first post in Lisbon. There are normally ten Messengers stationed abroad: two each in Hongkong, Berlin, Egypt and Portugal; one in Washington and one in Chile. All others are in the "London pool." Sir Henry has covered nearly all the foreign posts and has been no fewer than thirty-two times round the Americas.

It was in the Argentine that Sir Henry crossed swords with that glamorous spy who, in fiction, so often salts the tail of the wiliest of Messengers. "And she really was beautiful," Sir Henry remembers, "a blonde with just the right mixture of slink and steel."

He met her in an hotel in Buenos Aires, and it was not long before she invited herself to a drink. "She had a German accent," he goes on, "and I saw her game before she began. She was the real thing, all right, because, after I had refused, as gallantly as a man may, her invitation to dinner, the barman, who knew everything, tipped me off." The frau, Sir Henry learned, was the widow of a German naval officer killed in the *Graf Spee*, the battleship the Nazis scuttled in the River Plate, and was doing her stint for the Fuehrer by paddling round in the spy-infested shallows of neutral Buenos Aires. "I'm afraid," says Sir Henry, "I was a great disappointment to her."

But spies, glamorous or otherwise, forced landings and engines that fall out in flight are rare excitements in a job which demands discipline and staying power rather than brilliant improvisation. The coming of modern methods of communication—the cable and the radio—diminished the importance of the King's Messenger; the return to secret diplomacy restored his value. In wartime, especially, governments must rely on personal delivery of dispatches; in the last war the strength of the service was increased to more than a hundred Messengers.

The Man Who Lost The Bag

Its record is one of almost total safety; modern history can show only one instance of a bag's being lost through a courier's negligence. Yet bags do disappear and sometimes fall into enemy hands through circumstances no courier can control.

In the first World War a certain Messenger was taking his bags by the only medium possible—a submarine. The submarine was forced to surface by an enemy destroyer, and the courier, with no time to burn or destroy them otherwise, did the only thing left: he hurled the bags into the sea. They sank with a gratifying "plop," but, to their guardian's horror, immediately rose to the surface, from which the Germans fished them with a boat-hook. The Messenger lived to tell the tale. Since then all bags have been weighted with lead. "Quite a lot of lead," says Sir Henry thoughtfully.

When Sir Henry is on duty, he keeps a twenty-four hour watch. If he goes out to lunch, he must leave his telephone number or otherwise inform the Foreign Office where he can be found. Once the Messenger is found, the procedure is simple.

If Sir Henry is warned for the afternoon plane to Oslo, he packs his suitcase and waits for the F.O. car to pick him up. At the Foreign Office he gets his orders, and it is now that any traces of romance still adhering to Sir Henry's profession begin to come off in lumps. "The 'Bag Room' at the Foreign Office," he says, "is very like a post office sorting-room; it has the same bustle and efficiency. Bags are going out to every part of the world. You get yours, sign for it, see it loaded into the car and set off for the aerodrome. When I arrive at the other end the process is reversed. Nothing could be more routine."

Many Cannot Stand The Pace

When he joined the service, Sir Henry was forty-fifth on the list in seniority. He is now the third. "There is a fairly high wastage," he says. "Men get ill, or find they don't like the job after all, or quit for family reasons. Or they don't stand the pace. Most of us are of mature age, and nobody can call ours a sedentary profession." But it is a profession which gives a satisfying sense of service. Surprisingly, most Messengers are family men. Sir Henry himself is married, with two grown-up daughters.

A Messenger starts at a salary of £400 a year, which rises to £750 after six years' service. In addition, he gets about £2 a day when abroad to cover expenses and, of course, any extra sum spent in the course of duty is repaid. Sir Henry is granted six weeks' leave a year—the only period when he is not at the mercy of the telephone.

His only grouse is a human one: the difficulty of getting his washing done. "It would be all right if one could leave a shirt or two wherever one went and pick them up on the way back. The trouble is, you never know where you might be."

THE END

A TWO-PART STORY

Little Tembi

by DORIS LESSING

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

He was such an appealing baby, and she had saved his life. It was natural she should spoil him a little

JANE MCCLUSTER, who had been a nurse before she married, started a clinic on the farm within a month of arriving. Though she had been born and brought up in town, her experience of natives was wide, for she had been a sister in the native wards of the city hospital, by choice, for years; she liked nursing natives. So, when she had taken a thorough, diagnosing kind of look at the farm natives, she exclaimed: "Poor things!" and set about turning an old dairy into a dispensary. Her husband was pleased; it would save money in the long run by cutting down illness in the compound.

Willie McCluster, who had also been born and raised in South Africa, was nevertheless unmistakably and determinedly Scottish. His accent might be emphasized for loyalty's sake, but he had kept all the fine qualities of his people unimpaired by a slowing and relaxing climate. He was shrewd, vigorous, earthy, practical and kind. In appearance he was largely built, with a square, bony face, a tight mouth, and eyes whose fierce blue glance was tempered by the laughter wrinkles about them.

He became a farmer young, having planned the step for years: he was not one of those who drift on to the land because of discontent with an office, or because of failure, or vague yearnings towards "freedom." Jane, a cheerful and competent girl who knew what she wanted, trifled with her numerous suitors with one eye on Willie, who wrote her weekly letters from the farming college in the Transvaal. As soon as his four years' training were completed, they married.

They were then twenty-seven, and felt themselves well equipped for a useful and enjoyable life. Their house was planned for a family. They would have been delighted if a baby had been born the old-fashioned nine months after marriage. As it was, a baby did not come, and when two years had passed, Jane took a journey into the city to see a doctor.

She was not so much unhappy as indignant to find she needed an operation before she could have children. She did not associate illness with herself, and felt as if the whole thing were out of character. But she submitted to the operation and to waiting a further two years before starting a family, with her usual practical good sense. But it subdued her a little. The uncertainty preyed on her; and it was because of her rather wistful, disappointed frame of mind at this time that her work in the clinic became so important to her. In the beginning, she had dispensed medicines and good advice as a routine every morning for a couple of hours after breakfast. Now she threw herself into it, working hard, keeping herself at full stretch, trying to attack causes rather than symptoms.

The compound was the usual farm compound of insanitary mud and grass huts; the diseases she had to deal with were caused by poverty and bad feeding. She did not make the mistake of expecting too much: she had that shrewd, ironical patience that achieves more with backward natives than any amount of angry idealism.

First she chose an acre of good soil for vegetables, and saw to the planting and the cultivating herself. One cannot overthrow in a season the customs of centuries, and she was patient with the natives who would not at first touch food they were not used to. She persuaded and lectured. She gave the women of the compound lessons in cleanliness and baby care. She drew up diet sheets and ordered sacks of citrus from the big estates; in fact, it was not long before it was Jane who organized the feeding of Willie's 200-strong labour force, and he was glad to have her help.

Since the McClusters were respected in the district, they were humoured in what seemed a ridiculous eccentricity.

But it was not easy, not easy at all. It was of no use to cure hookworm-infested feet that would become reinfected in a week, since none wore shoes; nothing could be done about bilharzia when all the rivers were full of it, and the natives continued to live in the dark and smoky huts.

BUT the children could be helped; Jane most particularly loved the little black piccanins. She knew that fewer children died in her compound than in any for miles around, and this was her pride. She would spend whole mornings explaining to the women about dirt and proper feeding; if a child became ill, she would sit up all night with it, and cried bitterly if it died. The name for her among the natives was The Goodhearted One. They trusted her. Though mostly they hated and feared the white man's medicines, they let Jane have her way, because they felt she was prompted by kindness; and day by day the crowds of natives waiting for medical attention became larger. This filled Jane with pride, and every morning she made her way to the big, stone-floored, thatched building at the back of the house that smelled always of disinfectants and soap, accompanied by the houseboy who helped her, and spent there many hours helping the mothers and the children and the labourers who had hurt themselves at work.

Little Tembi was brought to her for help at the time when she knew she could not hope to have a child of her own for at least two years. He had what the natives call "hot weather sickness." His mother had not brought him soon enough, and by the time Jane took him in her arms he was a tiny, wizened skeleton, loosely covered with harsh, greyish skin, the stomach painfully distended.

"He will die," moaned the mother waiting outside the clinic door, with that fatalistic note that always annoyed Jane.

"Nonsense!" she said briskly—even more briskly because she was so afraid he would.

She laid the child in a warmly lined basket, and the houseboy and she looked grimly into each other's faces. Jane said sharply to the mother, who was whimpering helplessly from the floor where she squatted with her hands to her face: "Stop crying. That doesn't do any good. Didn't I cure your first child when he had the same trouble?" But that other little boy had not been nearly as sick as this one.

When Jane had carried the basket into the kitchen and set it beside the fire for warmth she said to herself: "This child is *not* going to die. I won't let it! I won't let it."

It seemed to her that if she could pull little Tembi through, the life of the child she herself

Jane waited delightedly for the baby's mother

to unwrap him, so that she could take him in her arms. She could not do enough for little Tembi

wanted so badly would be granted her. She sat beside the basket all day, willing the baby to live, with medicines on the table beside her, and the cookboy and the houseboy helping her where they could. At night the mother came from the compound with her blanket, and the two women kept vigil together. Because of the fixed, imploring eyes of the black woman, Jane was even more spurred to win through, and the next day, and the next, and through the long nights, she fought for Tembi's life even when she could see from the faces of the house natives that they thought she was beaten.

Once, towards dawn of one night when the air was cold and still, the little body chilled to the touch, and there seemed no breath in it. Jane held it close to the warmth of her own breast, murmuring fiercely over and over again: "You *will* live, you *will live*," and when the sun rose, the infant was breathing deeply and its feet were pulsing in her hand.

When it became clear that he would not die, the whole house was pervaded with a feeling of happiness and victory. As for the mother, she took her child in her arms with trembling joy and wept as she thanked Jane.

Jane herself, though exhausted and weak, was too happy to rest or sleep: she was thinking of the child she would have. She was not a superstitious person, and the thing could not be described in such terms: she felt that she had thumbed her nose at death, that she had sent death slinking from her door in defeat, and now she would be strong to make life; fine, strong children of her own.

Little Tembi was brought by his mother up to the house every day for a month, partly to make sure he would not relapse, partly because Jane had grown to love him. When he was quite well and no longer came to the clinic, Jane would ask the cookboy after him, and sometimes sent a message that he should be fetched to see her. The native woman would then come smiling to the back door with little Tembi on her back and her older child at her skirts, and Jane would run down the steps, smiling with pleasure, waiting impatiently as the cloth was unwound from the mother's back, revealing Tembi curled there, thumb in mouth, with great, black, solemn eyes, his other hand clutching the stuff of his mother's dress for security.

Jane would carry him indoors to show Willie. "Look," she would say tenderly. "Here's my little Tembi. Isn't he a sweet little piccanin?"

He grew into a fat, shy little boy, staggering uncertainly from his mother's arms to Jane's. Later, when he was strong on his legs, he would run to Jane and laugh as she caught him up. There was always fruit or sweets for him when he visited the house, always a hug from Jane and a good-humoured, amused smile from Willie.

He was two years old when Jane said to his mother: "When the rains come this year I shall also have a child." And the two women, forgetting the difference in colour, were happy together because of the coming children: the black woman was expecting her third baby.

Tembi was with his mother when she came to visit the cradle of the little white boy. Jane held out her hand to him and said: "Tembi, how are you?" Then she took her baby from the cradle and held it out, saying: "Come and see my baby, Tembi." But Tembi backed away, as if afraid, and began to cry. "Silly Tembi," said Jane affectionately, and sent the houseboy to fetch some fruit, as a present.

SHE was absorbed by this new interest, and very soon found herself pregnant again. She did not forget little Tembi, but thought of him rather as he had been, the little toddler whom she had loved wistfully when she was childless. She was still very busy. She had not let the work at the clinic lapse; it was still she who did the ordering and planning of the labourers' food, and she looked after her children without help—she did not even have the customary native nanny. She could not really be blamed for losing touch with little Tembi.

He was brought to her notice one evening when Willie was having the usual weekly discussion with the bossboy over the farm work. He was short of labour again and the rains had been heavy and the land was full of weeds. As fast as the gangs of natives worked through a field it seemed that the weeds were higher than ever. Willie suggested that it might be possible to take some of the older children from their mothers for a few weeks. He already employed a gang of piccanins, of between about nine and fifteen years old, who did lighter work, but he was not sure that all the available children were working. The bossboy said he would see what he could find.

As a result of this discussion Willie and Jane were called one day to the front door to see little Tembi, now about six years old, standing proudly beside his father, who was smiling.

"Here is a man to work for you," said Tembi's father to Willie, pushing forward Tembi, who jibbed like a little calf, standing with his head lowered and his fingers in his mouth.

He looked so tiny, standing all by himself, that Jane exclaimed compassionately: "But, Willie, he's just a baby still!" Tembi was quite naked, save for a string of blue beads cutting into the flesh of his fat stomach.

Tembi's father explained that his older child, who was eight, had been herding the calves for a year now, and that there was no reason why Tembi should not help him.

"But I don't need two herdboys for the calves," protested Willie. And then, to Tembi: "And now, my big man, what money do you want?" At this, Tembi dropped his head still

"I want more money," said Tembi boldly. "Wha-a-at!" Willie exclaimed, astounded

lower, twisted his feet in the dust, and muttered: "Five shillings."

"Five shillings a month!" exclaimed Willie indignantly. "What next! Why, the ten-year-old piccanins get that much." And then, feeling Jane's hand on his arm, he said hurriedly: "Oh, all right, four and sixpence. He can help his big brother with the calves."

Jane, Willie, the cookboy and Tembi's father stood laughing sympathetically as Tembi lifted his head, stuck out his stomach even farther, and swaggered off down the path, beaming with pride. "Well," sighed Jane, "I never would have thought it. Little Tembi! Why, it seems only the other day. . . ."

Tembi, promoted to a loincloth, joined his brother with the calves, and as the two children ran alongside the animals, everyone turned to look smiling after the tiny black child, strutting with delight, and importantly swishing the twig his father had cut him from the bush as if he were a full-grown driver with his team of beasts.

The calves were supposed to stay all day near the kraal; when the cows had been driven away to the grazing, Tembi and his brother squatted under a tree and watched the calves, rising to run, shouting, if one attempted to stray. For a year Tembi was apprenticed to the job, and then his brother joined the gang of older piccanins who worked with the hoe. Tembi was then seven years old, and responsible for twenty calves, some standing higher than he.

Then, one day, a catastrophe happened. It was very hot, and Tembi fell asleep under the trees. His father came up to the house, uneasily apologetic, to say that some of the calves had got into the mealiefield and trampled down the plants. Willie was angry. It was that futile, simmering anger that cannot be assuaged, for it is caused by something that cannot be remedied: children had to herd the calves because adults were needed for more important work, and one could not be really angry with a child of Tembi's age.

Willie had Tembi fetched to the house and gave him a stern lecture about the terrible thing he had done. Tembi was crying when he turned away; he stumbled off to the compound with his father's hand resting on his shoulder, because the tears were streaming so fast he could not have directed his own steps.

But, in spite of the tears and his contrition, it all happened again not very long afterwards. He fell asleep in the drowsily warm shade, and when he awoke, towards evening, all the calves had strayed into the fields and flattened acres of mealies. Unable to face punishment, he ran away, crying, into the bush. He was found that night by his father, who cuffed him lightly round the head for running away.

And now it was a very serious matter indeed. Willie was angry. To have happened once—that was bad, but forgivable. But twice, and within a month! He did not at first summon Tembi, but had a consultation with his father. "We must do something he will not forget, as a lesson," said Willie. Tembi's father said the child had already been punished. "You have beaten him?" asked Willie. But he knew that natives seldom beat their children, and saw, from the way the native turned away his eyes and said: "Yes, baas," that it was not true.

"Listen," said Willie. "Those calves straying must have cost me about thirty pounds. There's nothing I can do. I can't get it back from Tembi, can I? And now I'm going to stop it happening again." Tembi's father did not reply. "You will fetch Tembi up here, to the house, and cut a switch from the bush and I will give him a beating."

"Yes, baas," said Tembi's father, after a pause.

When the hour came, Jane took away her children, so that they would not have such an unpleasant thing in their memories. Tembi was brought up to the veranda, clutching his father's hand and shivering with fear. Willie said he did not like the business of beating; he considered it necessary, however, and intended to go through with it. He took the long, light switch from the cookboy, who had cut it from the bush, since Tembi's father had come without it, and ran the sharply whistling thing loosely through the air, to frighten Tembi.

Tembi shivered more than ever, and pressed his face in terror against his father's thighs.

"Come here, Tembi." Tembi did not move; so his father lifted him close to Willie. "Bend down." Tembi did not bend down, so his father bent him down, hiding the small face against his own legs. Then Willie glanced smilingly but uncomfortably at the cookboy, the houseboy and Tembi's father, who were all regarding him with stern, unresponsive faces, and swished the wand backwards and forwards over Tembi's back; he wanted them to see he was only trying to frighten Tembi for the good of his upbringing. But they did not smile at all.

Finally, Willie said in an awful, solemn voice: "Now, Tembi!" And then, having made the occasion solemn and angry, he switched Tembi lightly, three times, across the buttocks, and threw the switch away into the bush. "Now you will never do it again, Tembi, will you?" he said. Tembi stood quite still, shuddering, in front of him, and would not meet his eyes. His father gently took his hand and led him home.

"Is it over?" asked Jane, appearing from the house.

"I didn't hurt him," said Willie crossly. He was annoyed because he felt the black men were annoyed with him. "They want to have it both ways," he said. "If the child is old enough to earn money, then he's old enough to be responsible. Thirty pounds!"

The calves did not stray again. At the end of the month, when Tembi stepped forward to take his four shillings and sixpence wages, Willie smiled at him and said: "Well, Tembi, and how are things with you?"

"I want more money," said Tembi boldly.

"Wha-a-at!" exclaimed Willie, astounded. He called to Tembi's father, who stepped out of the gang of waiting natives to hear what Willie wanted to say. "This little rascal of yours lets the cattle stray twice, and then says he wants more money." Willie said this loudly, so that everyone could hear, and there was laughter from the labourers.

But Tembi kept his head high and said defiantly: "Yes, baas, I want more money."

"You'll get your bottom tanned," said Willie, only half-indignant, and Tembi went off sulkily, holding his silver in his hand, with amused glances following him. His small, thin shape was straight, and—so it seemed—angry. Willie forgot the incident.

But next month the child again stood his ground and argued stubbornly for an increase. Willie raised him to five and sixpence, saying resignedly that Jane had spoiled him. Tembi bit his lips in triumph, and, as he walked off, gave little joyous skipping steps, finally breaking into a run as he reached the trees. He was still the youngest of the working children, and was now earning as much as some three or four years older than he: this made them grumble, but it was recognized, because of Jane's attitude, that he was a favourite.

Now, in the normal run of things, it would have been a year, at least, before he got any more money. But the very month following he claimed the right to another increase. This time the listening natives made sounds of amused protest; the lad was forgetting himself. As for Willie, he was really annoyed. There was something insistent, something demanding, in the child's manner that was almost impertinent. He said sharply: "If you don't stop this nonsense I'll tell your father to teach you a lesson where it hurts." Tembi's eyes glowed angrily and he attempted to argue, but Willie dismissed him curtly, turning to the next labourer.

A few minutes later, Jane was fetched to the back door by the cook, and there stood Tembi, shifting in embarrassment from foot to foot, but grinning at her eagerly. "Why, Tembi . . ." she said.

"Tell the boss to give me more money," he beseeched.

Jane laughed kindly. "But, Tembi, how can

Continued on page 36

Scrubbing the face of a city

by STANLEY RUSSELL

Sweeping away the soot and grime is one job where newcomers begin at the top and work their way down

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Mullinger (in hat) checks work on the Wellcome Research Institution in Euston Road, London

MOST PEOPLE WHO NOTICED recently that the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens had almost disappeared beneath a tracery of scaffolding in readiness for its Festival of Britain clean-up, regarded the operation as a merciful camouflage. One strong dissentient from this rather jaundiced opinion is Stewart Mullinger, who describes the Memorial as "a beautiful piece of work." His verdict deserves respect, for in the last few weeks he has clambered all over it. His interest, it should be added, was purely professional: he was the man mainly responsible for its cleaning and restoration.

"You get different ideas about the Memorial when you see it from the angles I have," says Mullinger. "Those who criticize probably have not studied the magnificent craftsmanship that went into it." Another point that appeals to the lean, wiry, horny-handed director of operations is that from the distant top of the Memorial, 174 feet above ground, the view of the Royal Albert Hall—"looking like a great mushroom"—also acquires a new enchantment.

Faded Glories Come To Light

Mullinger has spent more than twenty years climbing about the faces of London's buildings and statues. As a young man, he followed his father into the building trade, but decided there was more satisfaction to be gained from restoring the faded glories of old structures than in putting up new ones.

Restoring and cleaning buildings is a specialized occupation, one of the few where newcomers begin at the top and work their way down. Stewart Mullinger nevertheless started at the bottom, as a plaster boy helping to fill in the cracks that cleaning operations had exposed. Soon he was promoted to work with a hose and wire brush; then, as his knowledge of the various types of stonework increased, he became a foreman. Though today, as works director of the London Stone Cleaning and Restoration Company, his task is mainly supervisory, he can claim to have scraped acquaintance with many of the noble houses of London, from Buckingham Palace downwards.

There are three ways of cleaning buildings: with a fine jet of cold water, a wire brush and a special fine grit to clear out the crevices; with steam; or with an electric spinner that brushes off the dirt. The basic ingredient with all three is elbow grease.

Mullinger's personal preference is for the cold water method. The sun, he says, bleaches cold-washed stone and gives it a brighter, cleaner appearance. Steam shifts dirt quickly on a hard surface but drives it into a soft stone. Moreover, it eats two hundredweight of coke a day—say three tons of fuel on a normal four-cradle job, taking four to six weeks. The electrical gadget brushes away fine particles of stone, and is therefore unpopular, both with owners of buildings and with the cleaners.

Some Stones Are A Nightmare

The work is hard but well paid. Minimum rate is 3s. 1½d. an hour for a guaranteed forty-four hour week, and in most cases it is higher. Last Easter, men working through the holiday on a rush job picked up £17 for the week. Though progress is sometimes slow (a square yard may require half an hour's work), the men take an artist's delight in being able to see the results.

Most hard stones, like marble and polished granite, are comparatively easy; it is the softer materials, with a clay foundation, that present difficulties. Nightmares to the experts are soft terra-cotta and the ultra-hard Mansfield, a reddish stone which defies normal cleaning methods and has to be attacked with carborundum.

Mullinger and his cleaners have rediscovered many unsuspected treasures of London beneath the coating of soot. Not long ago they were called in to clean an office in Grosvenor Road, focal point of a combined assault from the chimneys of two gasworks, Battersea power station and scores of Thames tugs. When work began, the building was an ordinary begrimed structure not worth a second glance. Today, and until the pall cloaks it again, it is revealed in stately glory, elegantly pillared in marble. Only a few long-service employees in the building knew the secret that lay behind the dirt.

Another office, in Fleet Street, has been exposed as a masterpiece in mosaic work; many a graceful carving, stripped of its encrusting barnacles of dirt and grease, is proving that our grandfathers built with an unsuspected eye for beauty. But not all the surprises are pleasant. The atmosphere that merely cakes some types of material corrodes others. A week or two back a three-hundredweight piece of masonry was found to have been almost eaten away from the building it was decorating. Very light pressure would have sent it toppling into the street.

A frequent discovery is that big stone balls on pillars or roof copings have become loosened. Says Mullinger: "I'm appalled at the number

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of buildings that must be in a dangerous condition. People walk about the pavements blissfully unaware that a slab of masonry may fall on them at any minute. I'm convinced that many buildings are held together by dirt, judging by the cracks that come to light under our hoses."

Before work begins, an estimator, armed with a pair of binoculars, inspects the building to be cleaned. Scaffolding, the preliminary part of every job, is erected by separate contractors, who test the staging thoroughly before the cleaners arrive.

Despite these precautions, insurance companies regard stone-cleaning as a dangerous occupation. Mullinger protests there's nothing in it—"provided you have a cool nerve and a head for heights, and that usually comes with experience."

Their "Harold Lloyd" Act

Cool nerve once saved him and a colleague from a fifty-foot drop when the rope holding their cradle slipped from its pulley. As the cradle lurched, throwing the two men off balance, they grabbed at another rope and held on. After ten minutes the rope was restored and Mullinger and his mate were able to recover their equilibrium. Mullinger confesses that this incident, reminiscent of a Harold Lloyd film scene, provides one memory he would rather forget.

Another frightening experience was being caught by the wind while working in a "baby-boat," a tiny one-man cradle. He was torn away from the building, twisted completely round and tossed back to the wall, facing outwards and with the ropes crossed. Once he was stranded in a heavy storm, half way down an eleven-storey building. "We tapped on a window asking for shelter, but the man inside the room refused to let us in when he saw our dirty clothes. That wasn't good enough for my mate, who said: 'Well, I'm getting out of this, anyway,' and promptly shinned all the way up the rope to the roof—sixty feet or so!"

A stone-cleaner has to be an expert rope climber, and this is one reason why Mullinger welcomes ex-sailors who ask for a job. The toughness of the work soon finds any weaknesses in a man's physique. Mullinger reckons that any newcomer will make the grade if he can survive the first two weeks, with its attendant agonies from aching limbs and muscles.

Lesson For The Braggarts

He still chuckles over the quick exposure of two novices who annoyed everyone on a certain job by their know-it-all attitude. When their turn came to be lowered from the roof, the men in charge of the pulleys dropped each end of the cradle alternately, so that they were never on an even keel. The two braggarts were soon yelling for mercy, but were lowered in this zigzag fashion all the way down to the ground. As soon as they reached the pavement they bolted up the street and were never seen on the site again.

That kind of practical joke is rare: the job is too dangerous to be treated lightheartedly. But there are amusing moments. While a branch shop of a multiple outfitters was being cleaned, a man caught by a splash of dirty water demanded that the foreman be brought down to see him. He complained that his bowler hat had been ruined.

"Well, what d'you expect me to do about it?" queried the foreman.

"I want a new one."

"Then you'd better come inside." Leading the way into the shop, the foreman called an assistant and, placing the hat on the counter, said: "Gentleman here says we've ruined his bowler and wants a new one." Gravely the assistant brought another and made the exchange. "Well, are you satisfied?" asked the foreman as he ushered the stranger out into the street.

"That rough-and-ready settlement wouldn't apply nowadays," says Mullinger, a little sadly. "There would have to be an insurance claim and lots of forms to fill up."

Despite all precautions, the work does cause inconvenience, but so much cleaning and restoration has been carried out in recent months that Stewart Mullinger and his men have become accepted as a part of the daily life of a big city.

"People naturally still don't like us walking over their carpets when we come inside," he says, "but many's the time I've found that a nice tea has been laid out on a window ledge for me."

Twenty years of stone cleaning have provided plenty of surprises. Once Mullinger was asked to take two boilers to an address in the country. On arrival he was directed into a field and told to make as much steam as he could. "But where's the building we've got to clean?" asked one of the men. It was explained that the steam was needed for an experiment with a method of seeing through fog. Later they were told the test had been successful.

The Job He Liked Best

During the war the stone-cleaning experts reversed their usual rôle to camouflage Government buildings and military sites; the postwar rush of cleaning up has been varied by unorthodox jobs on wind-tunnels and below-ground objectives like oil and petrol tanks.

Mullinger has never yet been beaten by a job. The Albert Memorial came nearest when it was discovered that the water pressure was not sufficient to reach the top, and he had to borrow a pump from the fire brigade to boost the supply. He looks back on that job as his favourite. "There was a bit of everything in it," he says, with a satisfied air. THE END

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"Funny! He looks no different to me from any other four-month-old kid I've seen"

I WAS A SOLDIER-SPY

Continued from page 8

to be Tito's envoy to London. He wore a heavy jacket of black cloth and black corduroy trousers, very baggy and soiled, and no shirt. On his head he had a little black cloth "fore-and-after" with a red star pinned in front. Years later, when I met Velebit in Belgrade after the war—he was to become Deputy Foreign Minister—he had turned into a handsome man with an eye for the ladies; then, in the hunger and cruelty of Bosnia, he had the lean and dangerous look of a wild dog.

We walked to Tito's camp through a little sunlit valley with a silver stream pattering along it. Partisans were washing themselves and their clothes. They stood up in their nakedness and waved to us. Sentries, unseen behind trees, jumped out to salute us. The woods seemed alive with sentries; they had need to be, for the Germans were only a few miles down the valley and might at any moment make a sortie.

In a little while we came to a small clearing. "Now you will meet the *Komandant*," said Velebit proudly. That was what the Partisan generals called Tito before he took the rank of marshal.

One or two men were talking across a table. As we came towards them, they stood up.

Velebit began to make introductions. General Jovanovitch . . . General Rankovitch . . . General Ilitch . . . other names. . . .

Men Of Mystery

Suddenly I realized that within this tiny clearing in the woods of central Bosnia there were gathered the brains and leadership of this great Jugoslav movement of resistance we had watched from a distance for so long. Above the chaos and confusion of rumour and counter-rumour there had reached the patient ears of our Intelligence the names of Tito and of some of his fellow leaders; but for a long time, not even Intelligence had known anything precise about these names. Were they real men? Were they inventions of German propaganda, of Russian propaganda? What was Tito? Some had said that Tito was a woman, others that he was merely a cover name for a whole series of Communist leaders, others again that he was a Russian in disguise. And now we knew for certain. And now, in a moment, I should see this strange and legendary figure.

Someone gripped my arm. Velebit said: "The *Komandant* is here," and I turned round and saw the man that I had come so far to find.

A Worthy Salute

I came to attention and gave him the sort of parade-ground salute one keeps for such occasions. After all, his army was said to number 150,000 men and was engaging, as our Intelligence believed, as many as fifteen or more enemy divisions. Tito deserved a good salute. Walking towards us, he acknowledged this salute off-handedly. He shook hands all round. "Sit down," he said.

I saw him again long afterwards, at the end of the war and after the war. But this night of 1943 is the time that I like to remember. For afterwards it was to be all different; afterwards there was to be plenty of pomp and circumstance, parades, dinners, receptions—peacetime stuff, with Tito in a marshal's uniform or a brand-new lounge suit blocked at the shoulders, surrounded by sentries and admirers and secretaries.

Nowadays, when visitors to Jugoslavia are taken to see the Marshal, they have to go in a big American car to a palace where the great man unbends a little and strolls about his garden, and talks a little about the war, and laughs a little, and gives them a nice dinner served with china and cutlery. Perhaps all this is unavoidable; perhaps dictators have to be like that. But I don't like it. It makes me feel that the great man has got his feet far off the ground.

But when I first saw Tito, in that little clearing in central Bosnia, he was not a great man and his feet were firmly on the common soil of humanity. He wasn't a dictator then; he was the leader of a lean, tough army fighting for its life.

He had marched and suffered and

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Those keen-witted sons of the Nyle

Use a Blue Gillette blade

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hungered with his army. I could see it in his face. He was thin, sturdy, muscular, his strong, broad face pinched with lack of food, his eyes unnaturally bright as men's eyes so often are when there is too little to eat. Like all good generals, he had somehow summoned up in his person the whole character of his army.

He wore the same clothes as his officers—a long jacket buttoned at the neck, breeches, riding boots, without decorations, medals, or badges of rank. (All those were to come much later, and in abundance.) He treated his generals as equals; they called each other "thee" and "thou" in their conversation; he said his own mind and they said theirs; he was free and easy and full of confidence. He had a way of saying: "Everything is possible." *Everything is possible*—it became a sort of slogan for the Partisans.

Tito's Welcome

That evening, at his council table, Tito began by saying that he was glad to welcome the British, glad to welcome me. It was a common cause for which we fought: to beat the Nazis and to build a better life.

There were drinks. *Slivovitsa*. Mouthfuls of hot plum brandy, but not many mouthfuls. For the drinks, like everything else—the bread, the ammunition, the chances of survival—were strictly limited.

Discussion. Endless questions. On my side: What is your strength, what are your plans, what supplies do you most need? On Tito's: Careful answers, telling the essentials but not telling much, and demanding all the time that we should send arms.

There were explanations: That we could send only small quantities because we had few bombers available, because most of our bombers were needed for other tasks such as smashing at German war factories. . . . I don't think they believed these explanations. They thought the British had sent officers merely to spy on them. It needed months of living together to win even a little of their confidence.

Ate Their Horses

In these talks over the fireside I learned that the Partisan movement had reached a decisive point in its existence. Two months earlier the main body of the Partisan army had been encircled by the Germans in the terrible Montenegrin gorges of the Piva and the Tara.

During those days, fighting by day and night, Tito's forces consumed their last reserves of food and began to eat their horses. Their losses were heavy. Many Partisans fell sick of typhus; the column of wounded grew ever longer. Round about them the steepness of the mountains obliged them to bury their artillery or tip it over the nearest cliff. There came a time when even the ox-carts—normal transport of the Partisans—could no longer move along the narrow mountain paths.

Their memories of that dreadful time were of the sick who could no longer drag themselves over the goat-paths they had to use, of columns of weary men straggling pace by pace upwards until they were lost in swirling mist, of endless rings of mountains, of the last extremities of privation. Medical

"Since your poem is about flowers, Tommy, I think the word 'smell' would be more appropriate. You can still make it rhyme by substituting 'bluebell' for 'maiden pink'."

supplies there were none; bandages were taken from the half-healed and applied to the newly wounded; amputations were carried out with bayonets and razor blades and without anaesthetics.

With the heroism of those who have faced death so often that they no longer care, picked Partisan units at last hurled themselves against the least strong point in the German ring, and broke through. On a dark night, stumbling through deep gorges, the rest of the army slipped through this gap. Triumphant, the Partisan army marched northward into central Bosnia.

Taking stock, I found that the Partisan movement had now grown from a large number of loosely organized and loosely linked *Odreds*, as they were called, into a full-scale army grouped in divisions and corps. These *Odreds* of fifty or a hundred men apiece, raised locally, had fed the beginnings of this army all through 1942 and early 1943, until the army now numbered about 150,000 fighting men and women.

Faced with this rapid growth in organized Partisan strength, the Germans and Italians had had to bring in new troops. In that August of my arrival, the Partisans claimed that there were thirty enemy divisions or part-divisions in Jugoslavia, as well as a large number of satellite and police formations raised from local traitors and collaborators.

They had three great needs, Tito explained. In order of priority, these were (1) arms and equipment, (2) medical supplies, (3) food. What they had of these materials they had taken from the enemy; but the enemy, as a source of supply, was an uncertain factor, and Tito thought, not unreasonably, that it was time for the Allies to help him.

These matters I reported to base by short-wave wireless. It would be for base to decide how far we were in a position to meet these requests.

Gradually, as we talked, the other Partisan leaders were drawn into the discussion. Strange stories were told round that firelit table. Each of these men had walked for years with death at his heels.

There was Alexander Rankovitch, later to be Tito's Minister of the Interior and merciless master of his secret police, whom we then knew only as Marko—a stolid, short man with cropped hair and a strong, ugly face. This man Rankovitch was the firm, organizing hand behind the movement, promoting here, demoting there, his hand on the secret pulse of the Partisan movement. Even then he had acquired the quiet policeman's habit of saying nothing but knowing everything and everyone, and listening, listening, with a half-smile that was almost a sneer upon his broad peasant mouth.

Beside Marko Rankovitch, there was a figure of a very different metal, General Jovanovitch, Tito's chief of staff. Jovanovitch was the professional soldier, a staff officer in the Royal Jugoslav Army before the war, now turned Communist. He was a rare mixture of grim severity and sudden bursts of humour.

Shot While Escaping

In 1948, he was to escape secretly from Belgrade one night and drive furiously for the frontier. The Cominform had denounced Tito as a bad Communist, and Jovanovitch, siding with the Cominform, would try to escape from Jugoslavia. On that harsh night of 1948 the frontier guards were to come upon him near the border of Rumania and to shoot him down, Lieutenant General Jovanovitch, chief of staff.

None of us could remotely guess at such strange possibilities while we sat round Tito's council table in the woods of Bosnia. Had anyone suggested that Jovanovitch would quarrel with Tito we should have said that he was mad.

There were others present that night whose names were legendary in the Partisan army. There was General Madj, or Comrade Kosta as they called him, a slight, boyish soldier who had fought with the International Brigade in Spain.

There was Pavle Ilitch, whose wife the Germans had murdered. And from time to time, coming to Tito with documents and papers, there was Olga, Tito's secretary, a handsome young woman of twenty-five or so in jacket and breeches and riding boots, who was later to go with Tito to meet Churchill in Italy.

A Strange Contrast

We talked endlessly across that council table, while the fire flickered in our faces and the trees stirred with the night wind. Tito would sit with his elbows on the table, a pipe-shaped cigarette holder in one hand, two diamond rings glinting on his fingers. His hands were well cared for, even then, clean and manicured. There was a contrast between these well-cared-for hands and the bitter grey-blue eyes of a man who calculates his risks, and takes them without flinching.

A metal worker by origin, he had gradually made himself master of the Communist Party in Jugoslavia and then master of a mighty army; he had lived for years within the shadow of arrest and torture, under assumed names, moving from house to house, secretly, working endlessly, nervelessly. But, with all that, he manicured his nails and wore his diamond rings, a strange and contradictory kind of man.

It was not long before I decided that I could leave Tito. I had completed the task of reporting on Partisan headquarters; others would now come from base to do the political and military liaison work at top level. What I wanted to do now was to get away from headquarters and to see how the enemy worked in the field.

Prophecy Came True

I said goodbye to Tito in the little clearing in the pinewood. He was in a confident mood. "Next time we meet," he said, "we'll be in Belgrade." And sixteen months later, when I saw him again, we were.

I am going into eastern Bosnia, I wirelessed base in Cairo. And base replied, as if it were nothing: *Approve your project.*

During the days that followed I became less lighthearted about my project of marching in eastern Bosnia. The plan was to march across fifty miles of mountains to the River Bosna, a sharp and treacherous river which tumbles northwards into the plains of the Danube. I should have to cross the Bosna, and then march another fifty miles into the hills beyond. Here the Partisans were said to be in strength.

"You can come with me," General Kosta said one night at Tito's. "I am going that way tomorrow with 1,000 men."

"Across the Bosna?"

Kosta smiled coldly, without humour. "They won't be able to stop us," he said.

NEXT WEEK: I join a guerrilla battle with an armoured train

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Toni

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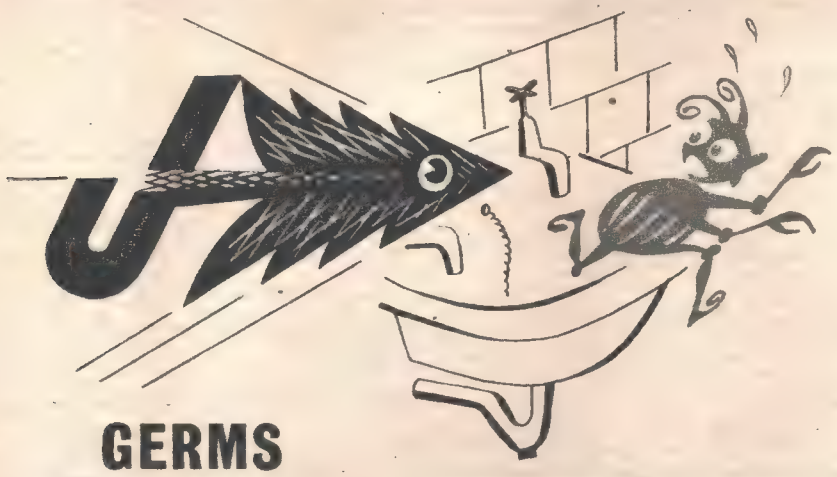
THE WAVE THAT GIVES THAT *NATURAL* LOOK



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Wherever you suspect that germs *may* lurk call out Jeypine and—'Up Guards, and at 'em!' For Jeypine is indeed a safeguard for your home: it fights germs and *always wins*. But it is not harsh or pungent: on the contrary, it has a wonderfully pleasant pine fragrance that everybody likes. Get a bottle of Jeypine to-day; the price for a big bottle is 1s. — or 2s. for the Family size, with nearly 3 times the quantity.

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—the better PINE DISINFECTANT

How to be sure your skin will stand a *Close-up*

No matter how clever your make-up, it cannot hide skin faults caused by deficiency of essential skin foods. Willow, the new complexion soap, contains two essential beauty aids—Milk and Almond Oil. Because of the careful blending of the milk with the almond oil, Willow gently nourishes *both* dry and greasy skins. Willow's cleansing action gives you a new, deep beauty that will stand any close-up test. Willow will cost you 6d. From all chemists, good grocers and stores.

Nothing could be better for Baby's skin than Willow.

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

Continued from page 14

your head. You'll be carefully watched, Tribe. Won't he?" And he glared, for confirmation, at the manager.

"Yes, Mr. Crandry, I suppose so," the manager stammered. His dim old eyes gave the Commodore a glance of apology, and the Commodore smiled at him reassuringly.

"And while we're remembering," Crandry then continued, prepared now to enjoy himself, "you might remember that I also said that we wouldn't let you come near our theatres. And I agreed to see you this afternoon just to remind you about that. Didn't I?"

"Yes, you did, Mr. Crandry," said the manager mournfully.

Crandry noticed now that the Commodore was glancing at his watch. "All right, you can go. No more to be said."

"Hasn't it occurred to you," said the Commodore, "that even if you feel you've no duty to Farbridge itself, you've a duty to your shareholders?"

"That's my business," Crandry snapped. "I know what I'm doing."

"But do you? This Palace Theatre is half-dead now. If the Festival brought it to life for a week or two, it might stay alive, whereas if you persist in keeping us out, merely because you happen to dislike me, you may soon have a decayed empty theatre on your hands. And what are your shareholders going to say then?"

"There's something in that," said the manager, thereby qualifying for the George Cross.

"What did you say?" If his inkwell had suddenly contradicted him, Crandry could not have looked more astonished.

"I—er—just ventured to say, Mr. Crandry, with all respect, that—er—there was something perhaps in Commodore Tribe's argument. I mean. . . ."

"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it. And you be careful. Perhaps you've been here too long."

The manager, who looked as if he might faint, began wretchedly stammering an apology. But it was broken by an imperative knocking, followed at once by the impressive entrance of Seth Hull and a smiling little man with a dispatch case.

"Sorry we're late," said Seth.

"Sorry you're late? What do you mean?" Crandry demanded sharply.

"I'm not talking to you," said Seth in his loudest and flattest tone. He turned to the Commodore. "How's it going?"

"It isn't," said the Commodore. "He's told me we can't have this theatre, and when I pointed out he had a duty to his shareholders, and the manager here ventured to say there was something in my argument, Crandry threatened him with the sack. I take it that's what you meant, Crandry—um?"

"Look here, what *is* all this?" Crandry cried harshly. "What are you doing here, Hull? If you want to see me, why didn't you make a proper appointment?"

"Just giving yer a chance," said Seth coolly. He and his companion were sitting down now, and were looking very much at home.

"Not a hope," said the Commodore, smiling.

"I told yer, didn't I?" said Seth.

"Ah-ha!" said the other man merrily.

While the fingers of Crandry's left hand scrabbled in his thin little beard, the fingers of his right hand beat an exasperated tattoo on the desk. "Either tell me your business or get out."

"Fair enough," said Seth massively. "But afore I come to business, Crandry, I want to tell yer this. Yer've been playin' boss round here a bit too long. An' like a lot more, yer've got careless. For instance, I'll bet yer've not noticed what's been happening to Farbridge Theatre Company shares just lately. Have yer?"

Crandry kept still now. "What are you talking about, Hull?"

"Yer see, them shares have been changing hands just lately. Haven't they, Mr. Babley?"

"Ah-ha!" said Mr. Babley, looking up from his dispatch case and twinkling away.

"Mr. Babley ought to know 'cos he's been buyin' 'em for us. An' when I say *us*," Seth continued, "I mean old Jordan an' me. An' I'm interested i' this talk about duty to shareholders, 'cos me and Jordan have become shareholders in a pretty big way. Haven't we, Mr. Babley?"

"Ah-ha! Between you, of course, you have a controlling interest." And Mr. Babley laughed merrily.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Crandry sourly.

"I do," said the manager, rising shakily.

"Gentlemen," said the Commodore, also rising, "I leave you to your business. Good afternoon, Crandry."

"John pleaded so, I didn't have the heart to make him come along"

LAURA and Theodore caught the early London train. Unfortunately it did not start from Farbridge and was almost full when it arrived there, so that although they found seats in the same compartment, they were not actually sitting together and could not talk. However, they could exchange glances, and Laura felt it was both exciting and cosy to be rushed towards London with Theodore smiling there, so close. It was almost like a happy dream.

Last night Laura had gone to bed early, after a very hot bath and some warm milk, but she had been too excited to fall asleep quickly, and then she had awakened at five. After an hour or so in the train, she began dozing and really dreaming; and it was all rather confusing but very pleasant.

They were both staying the night in London, Theodore at Renders Hotel, Laura with her aunt in Knightsbridge; and they had already arranged that Theodore should call for her and take her and her aun

He felt "finished" at forty

Really, John, you're too bad. Night after night, I go to the trouble of cooking you a proper meal and . . .

I know, I know . . . I don't eat it. Well, I'm sorry, dear, I don't *feel* like eating—that's all there is to it. I'm too tired. I'm getting old.

Oh, nonsense, you're only just forty. And anyway, if you're tired you need *food.*

Well, let's not argue about it. I'm too tired for arguing, too.

. . . simply exasperates me, Mrs. Canning. He says he's too tired to eat when he gets home.

But, poor man, I expect he *is.* Life is a ghastly strain for men of his position. Just think of the worries he must have at the office—not to mention the work. Worries and tiredness have a direct effect on the digestion, you know;

Well, but he still needs food.

Of course he does, but not a substantial meal the second he comes into the house. Now, what I'd suggest is a routine our doctor recommended for *my* husband. Persuade John to rest, relax completely, for about half-an-hour before his dinner each evening, and while he's resting, give him half a bottle of Brand's Essence.

Why, what's so wonderful about Brand's Essence?

Well, what our doctor said was this: When a person—even a healthy person—gets very tired, his whole body slows up. Digestive juices, too. He doesn't feel hungry. He can't digest properly. He eats less and less and so gets overtired because he's undernourished. It's a vicious circle. But Brand's gives appetite again . . . That's why doctors recommend it for invalids.

FOUR DAYS LATER

What a day! This rush hour journey! Got any Brand's for me, dear?

Of course. I am *glad you like it, John. I'd never have believed it would make such a difference to you so soon. Here you are!*

Ah-h-h! What good stuff this is! I feel better for it already. What's for dinner? I must say, I do really look forward to my meals now!

. . . so now, although he's quite back to his old youthful form, I still give him Brand's Essence whenever he's extra tired or strained—and often take it myself, too. It's a meat protein with a delicious flavour. It doesn't contain fats, so there's no trouble about digesting it.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

Essence of Chicken 4/3 Essence of Beef 3/3

Your tea will cost you 4d. per lb. more from May 20th

—says The Ministry of Food.

This is due to the Government having cut the subsidy from 1/- to 8d. per lb.

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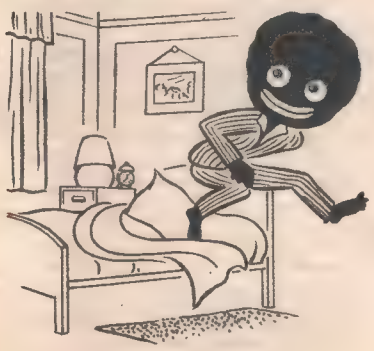
DIVIDEND . . . . 3/10d. per lb.
(dividend 4d. per lb.)

EDGLETS . . . . 3/8d. per lb.

PRE-GESTEE. . . 3/10d. per lb.
(formerly known as Digestive)

All these qualities have been improved following the re-opening of the London Tea Auctions.



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1lb Jar 1/3½

Silver Shred

LEMON JELLY MARMALADE

4 reasons for liking Personna in the Zipak

1

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Personna Blades are Hollow-ground *so sharp that they can split a human hair into seven separate strands, as regular factory tests prove. This picture is a still from a Pathé Pictorial film, taken at the Personna factory.*

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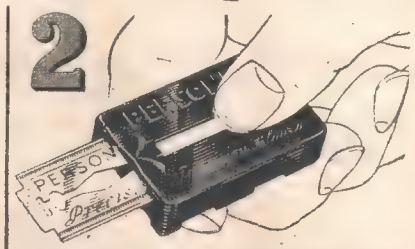

The quick, easy way that blades are changed. *Blades are* spring-suspended *in the Zipak — a flick of the thumb puts them straight into your razor, unwrapped, untouched, and ready for instant use.*

3

Discarded blades go in the Zipak's convenient underside compartment. *Makeshift arrangements for getting rid of old blades are a thing of the past. And Zipak is a* safety *precaution—particularly with children in the house.*

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Ten Personna Blades in the Zipak cost just 2/6—*the price of the blades alone! You pay no more for convenience, comfort and safety. Try Personna Blades in the Zipak!* In the Zipak 10 blades for 2/6. Also in packets of 5 for 1/3.

PERSONNA

Precision Blades

Shave with Personna and you shave with Precision

LOSING VITALITY?
FEELING LOW?

RUN DOWN?

How a course of Sanatogen restores your health

DO YOU FEEL half-alive, depressed, always tired? Then beware—your body cells may be starved of phosphorus and amino-acids. Every cell in the body, especially brain tissue, must have phosphorus. Without amino-acids you die. Normally, your body extracts these from meat, etc., but such foods are scarcest today. If you do not take enough of them, you become tired, fagged out, miserable in mind and body.

What Sanatogen Does

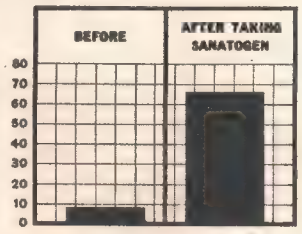
Sanatogen is a compound of organic phosphorus and concentrated protein, containing *all* essential amino-acids. Sanatogen restores wasted cells, helps create strong rich blood and builds strong body and nerve tissue. Sanatogen is the only tonic providing a high proportion of concentrated protein combined with phosphorus in a form so easily assimilated by your body.

Like refilling an empty reservoir, restorative action needs time. You should take Sanatogen three times daily for eight weeks.

Then see your health return! As your body recovers strength you become your happy young self again, radiant with vitality and blessed with abundant energy. From all chemists: 4 oz. 6/3d; 8 oz. 11/8d; 2 lb. 40/-.

58% More Energy in 14 Days!

Tests on a group of workers showed that they had only 8% energy left after a day's work. After only a fortnight on Sanatogen, a hard day's work left them with 66% of their energy unused.



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Praised by over 25,000 doctors in the past 50 years

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT!

he's liable to

lose half his teeth

by the time he's 40

because of

Mouth Acid

Why have most men lost half their teeth at the age of forty . . .? Dentists say that excess mouth acid is one of the main causes of such rapid decay.

To correct acid, many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia'*, contained only in one toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

So start to-day with Phillips', which keeps teeth bright, leaves the mouth feeling wonderfully fresh and dispels mouth acid at every brushing.

1/6 *per tube*
Extra large 2/3

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

out to dinner. He had the Knightsbridge address carefully written out in his pocket diary. They would have a wonderful evening, being gay about the people they had met during the day: it was all planned, all set. "If you're likely to be late," Laura said as they moved with the crowd along the platform, "just telephone, won't you?"

"Yes, I will," he assured her. "But I shan't be late. I can do all I have to do long before eight."

That is what he actually said, but Laura never heard the last sentence, never knew he had spoken it, because just as he was saying it a porter, in a hurry to claim a taxi, dived between them, and by the time they came together again, that sentence had been lost. And Theodore, in all the bustle, did not know that she had never heard him mention that fatal "eight."

There were too many people waiting for taxis. Laura decided to take the Underground to Knightsbridge while Theodore thought he could find a bus that would drop him not far from Renders. So they parted at the entrance to the Underground.

"Tonight then," said Laura smiling. It seemed silly to remind him again they were meeting at seven o'clock.

"Wonderful!" he cried, smiling too.

"Lovely!" she breathed. Then she raced down the stairs to the ticket office, all excited and gay.

SHE wondered all the way to Knightsbridge why so many people looked so miserable, and if it was life or just being underground in London that did it to them. When she returned to the surface of the world, Knightsbridge seemed marvellously rich, varied, sparkling, like an enormous genteel fair. And the hairdresser recommended by her aunt kept his word and began making her beautiful with only the least possible delay. Wonderful, lovely!

But there was work to be done. At quarter to twelve she was at the concert agent's, just off Wigmore Street, where she explained to an elderly man and a nice middle-aged woman, Mrs. Prince, her scheme for a series of modest orchestral concerts in the Farbridge Corn Exchange. "I know there isn't much time," she added, "and that with all these Festivals nearly everybody must be booked up, but I thought you might think of something for us."

"Jimmy's Number Two, if he's going on with it," said the elderly man to Mrs. Prince, and then left them.

"An excellent idea," said Mrs. Prince. She summoned a secretary and gave her some instructions that Laura did not hear. Laura, in fact, was busy trying to puzzle out what Jimmy's Number Two might be.

"It's Jimmy Fettercairn," said Mrs. Prince, beaming. "You've heard his string orchestra, Miss Casey?"

"Only on the air. But it sounded heavenly."

"Jimmy's very good, and if, as we think, he's starting a Number Two—because of course his Number One is fully booked—then it would be just right for you at Farbridge."

They chatted for several minutes, and then the secretary returned to say that Mr. Fettercairn was at that moment rehearsing his Number Two and that Mrs. Prince and Miss Casey were welcome to call upon him.

Mr. Fettercairn had a masterful nose, fanatical gleaming eyes, and hair and beard that had turned grey too early. He looked like a younger Don Quixote, although he was wearing baggy old flannel trousers and a mustard-coloured sweater. His sixteen instrumentalists were mostly young, and half of them were girls, all eager and warm and adoring him. Laura adored him, too, right off. He was the kind of man who would be a terrible nuisance to have in your life, she decided; he would be rude when he ought to be polite; he would forget everything that, from a woman's point of view, he ought to remember; he would still be asleep when he ought to be up and out, and would be up and out and lost when he ought to be safely in bed; he would wear his horrible flannel trousers at a smart party and only put on his best clothes when he decided to take a motor cycle to pieces; and he would remain infuriatingly and gloriously adorable.

"No, children, no," he would shout at his players, after stopping them with a great cry of agony. "Make it sing—sing—*sing*. It's like old codfish, last week's rice pudding, tombstones—we're all dead. Now let's have it again—*Dum-dee-dum-dee-tah-de-dah*." He made a horrible sound when he did that. "Once again—and this time we bring it all to life—and make it sing—*sing*. Firsts well up—and you seconds—down a bit." And off they would go again.

He had seen Mrs. Prince and Laura and had given them a welcoming wave of the hand, and later on the three of them had lunch together at a pub round the corner.

By the time the coffee came, they had agreed that the orchestra should give six or seven concerts, of which three would be conducted by Fettercairn himself, and then Laura went off to a lecture agency.

At the Tanson Lecture Agency, which consisted of two rooms above a lot of lorries, baskets and decaying vegetables in Covent Garden, Laura was pleasantly surprised, for Miss Tanson was a girl only a year or two older than herself, a lively and rather plump young woman in a tartan skirt and a cream blouse.

"My father's away," she explained, "but I'll do just as well. I know all about it."

"Well, I don't," said Laura. "I'll be quite frank, Miss Tanson. It's one of the conditions of our grant that we have to arrange some lectures. Personally, I'm against it. I can't see that lectures are part of a Festival. And I don't think I like them, anyhow. You don't mind my saying so?"

"Not a bit," said Miss Tanson

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Take it calmly

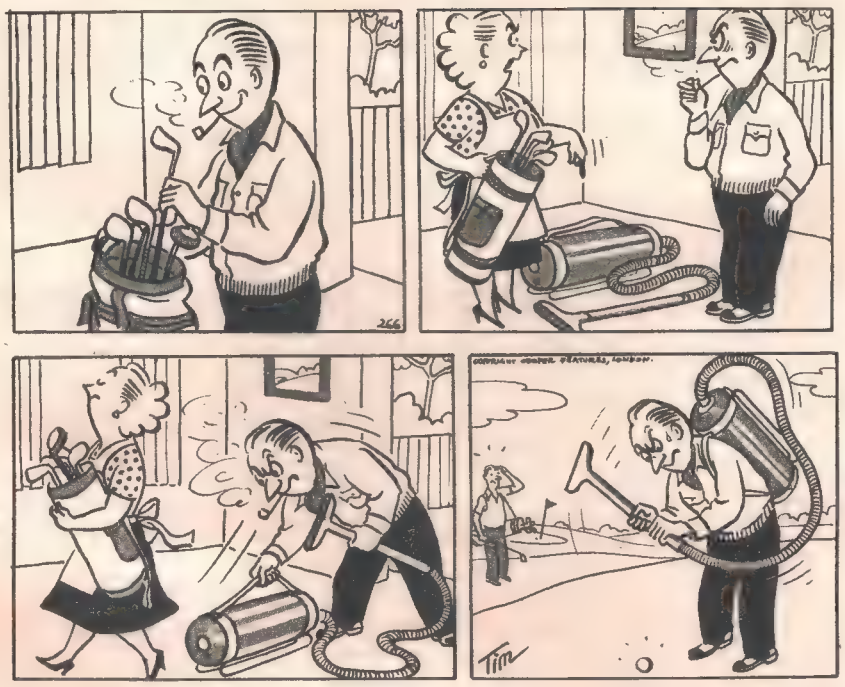
WE are all liable to feel frustrated at times; to get downright angry at things people do or don't do. It's an atmosphere that easily breeds bitterness—and that doesn't do any good.

A wise ambassador once wrote: "Learn to take everything calmly. A person who is never angry would not be human: but let not the sun go down upon your wrath. And *never* allow yourself to become embittered. The man who is embittered has already admitted defeat."

by ROFFE THOMPSON

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



heartily. "But the point is, you've got to have some, haven't you? What kind do you want? We've all kinds."

Laura had to laugh. "I suppose they ought to be rather mixed—but more or less educational and cultural, because that's the idea, I think."

"Well, now, we've got Dan Cobbley, Rufus Grope, Lily Fawcitt, Peter Gulval, and Mildred Sawkins, who does *I Know The Gipsies*, with songs to her guitar. And what I'd suggest as well is something literary and on the heavier side. And, my dear, I've got just the man. He's Leonard Mortory, the very distinguished critic who also lectures at Cambridge. He's very modern and academic, too, so he gets it both ways." She was now rapidly turning pages. "You probably know his books: *Disavowals, Rejections, Exclusions*. And a new one just out—*Refusals*. He's terribly fastidious, of course, and hardly likes anything."

"Is that a good idea?" asked Laura.

"My dear, I haven't the foggiest. But I gather it's fashionable. And I do advise you to take him, although you may have to go up to twenty-five guineas. He doesn't lecture often, outside Cambridge, and Dad and I between us had quite a time persuading him to accept a few special engagements. He'll give a tone to your little series, and if you feel twenty-five is rather high, I'll throw in Mildred the Gypsy and her guitar for eight and expenses—and you can be quite firm with her about her expenses—no need to stay at the best hotel when you're telling people how wonderful it is to be a gipsy."

Then they got down to dates and the sequence of the lectures.

LATER, when Laura departed for her aunt's flat in Knightsbridge, she was no longer worrying about musicians and lecturers for the Festival, but increasingly conscious of the splendour of the evening in front of her. Theodore and London. She had a long dreamy bath, and was only just out of it, at six thirty, when her aunt came in.

Miss Olivia Casey was the younger sister of Laura's father. She was a trim and handsome woman about fifty, not much taller than Laura herself, with the Casey eyes and two very effective white streaks in her neat, dark hair. She did something quite important at the Board of Trade. Laura never knew what it was. She had looked her up once in *Whitaker's Almanack*, which unblushingly announced that Miss O. Casey, M.B.E., was paid £1,750 a year but did not specify her duties. Laura admired her enormously and was very fond of her, too. Olivia was great fun, as well as being very intelligent and attractive, and it was a mystery to Laura, in spite of that impressive £1,750 a year, why her aunt had never married. She suspected there had been some wonderful secret romance, but had never discovered any real clue to it.

"What time is your young man coming?" said Olivia.

"Seven," Laura replied happily. "But he's not exactly my young man."

"You can explain that later, Laura darling. And try to be ready for him at seven—I'll put the gin and sherry out now—because I may not be quite on time."

At five to seven, Laura went into the sitting room, all set for the evening. There were drinks on a small table. Laura sat down, looked at an evening paper, made no sense out of it, threw it down, thought it looked untidy lying there, picked it up and folded it and placed it on the table with the drinks and then removed it to another table, pulled a face at herself in the mirror, turned the top lights on and then switched them off again. At five past seven her aunt came in, all set, too.

"We look two very elegant females, I must say, Laura."

"Don't we! I love this room."

"I like it, too, but I hope your What's-his-name — Theodore — arrives soon to take us out of it."

"He had much more to do today than I had," said Laura. "And then he doesn't know London very well."

"Oh, there's plenty of time," said Olivia. "But I think we might give ourselves a drink. Sherry—or gin and something? And what's happened today?"

Explaining about the music and the lectures took ten minutes or so, and answering questions about the Festival in general swallowed another ten minutes.

At half past seven they stopped pretending everything was all right. "I'm terribly sorry, Olivia. It's not like him to be late. And I told him exactly how to get here, and saw him write down the address."

Olivia said: "I booked a table at

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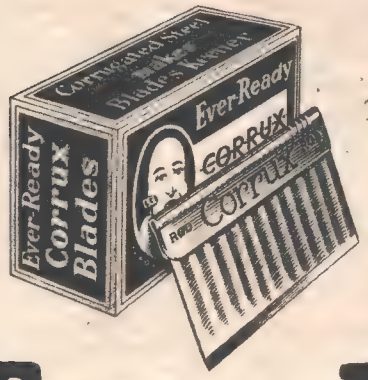

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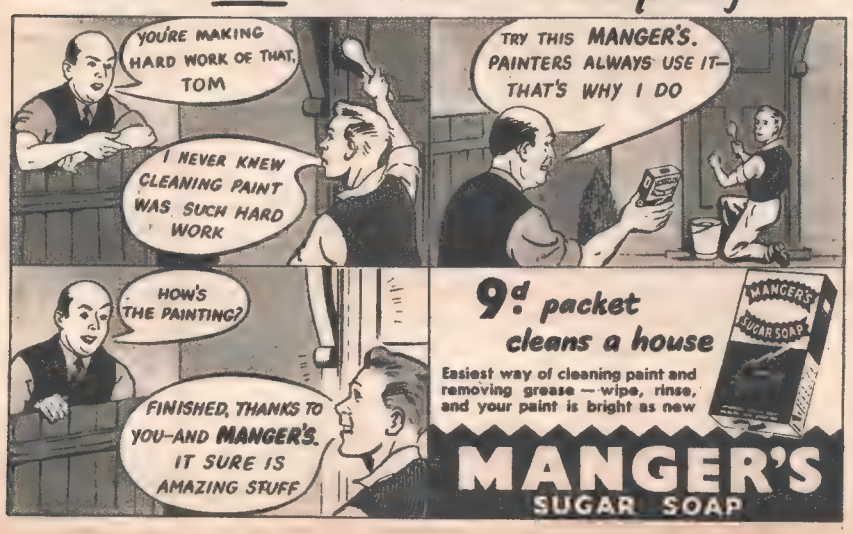
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SUGAR SOAP

the Laurel. I'll ring up and tell them we'll be later than I thought."

At a quarter to eight, Olivia was impatient and rather cross, and Laura was biting her lip and blinking back tears. At ten to eight, when they decided to wait no longer, Olivia was suddenly patient and tactful and Laura was in a white raging temper. At three minutes to eight they were in a taxi. At the Laurel they ordered an excellent dinner that only one of them enjoyed, and although they exchanged some droll anecdotes about life in Farbridge, London, and several foreign parts known to Olivia, and laughed from time to time, they knew they were sitting there eating and drinking among the ruins of an evening.

"And I don't care," cried Laura, when they were back in the flat and she was caring enough to blow the place up, "I don't care. I'll never forgive him for this—never—never—never."

"No, darling," said her aunt, who knew that young women who stormed away like that were ready to forgive almost anything.

WHEN Theodore rang and rang the bell of Miss Olivia Casey's flat and nobody appeared, first he was disappointed, then rather alarmed and, finally, extremely annoyed. All day he had been looking forward eagerly to this dinner. In fact, the idea of it had taken much of the colour and sparkle out of the day's events. He had lunched with Archie Mossat, the producer, and Clare Chesbey, the actress. Most of the talk had been between him and Mossat, who had agreed to bring a company to the Farbridge Palace Theatre for two weeks for the Festival. This company would be called the Mossat Repertory Company.

Philippa Hookwood, Clare, and the others that Theodore had met at the Mermaid Club soon after his arrival in England, would be in the company, but Bettison Phelps would be replaced by a younger leading man.

"And Ah've got an idea for this leading man we want," said Archie Mossat. "A big name. A tremendous pairsonality. An', properly produced, a guid actor, too. Juist occurred to me this vairy meenute." He waited.

"My dear, I give it up," cried Clare.

Mossat held it a moment, with excellent professional timing. "Patrick Gorebarry," he announced.

"Darling Archie, you simply can't," cried Clare. "He was marvellous, of course, but he's been impossible for ages. He's never been sober since about VE-day. Darling, you're mad to think of it." She turned to Theodore. "Don't you agree, Jenks darling?"

Jenks, darling, said that he could neither agree nor disagree as he had never heard of Patrick Gorebarry. It was then explained to him by the other two, both more or less speaking at the same time, that Mr. Gorebarry was a romantic youngish leading man, handsome, graceful, with an exquisite voice, whose enthusiasm for alcohol, or for a world softened and mellowed by its influence, had floated him out of stage doors and studios and finally out of the public eye and hearing altogether. But Archie Mossat declared that he had been reliably informed that Pat Gorebarry was sober and repentant, after a long cure, and so anxious to make a comeback that he would probably agree to play for two weeks at Farbridge, where his name would undoubtedly attract the public. And if Pat would agree to join them, then

"Didn't I see you here last summer?"

Archie, who after all would have the responsibility for producing him, was ready to risk it.

Clare, who had played in a company to which the wild Patrick had brought disaster, was decidedly against engaging him.

"Jenks man, it's up ta you," cried Mossat. "Ah'm no saying it's no reesk. But if ye tak' it, ye get a fine actor, a pairsonality, a big name. An' if ye give him a chance, ye give your Festival theatre a chance, too. What d'ye say, laddie?"

"Careful, darling," said Clare.

"Well, if he's sobered up and wants to start again," said Theodore slowly, "I think we ought to give him a chance." So it was agreed that Patrick Gorebarry should grace the Farbridge Festival, and many strange wheels and curious devices, as Theodore realized later, were set in motion.

Rather weary of all the talk and fuss, Theodore hurried back to his hotel, changed his shirt and tie, and arrived outside Miss Olivia Casey's flat exactly at eight o'clock.

When he returned, exasperated, to the little entrance hall of the flat, he looked about for a porter but could not find one. He hung about for a minute or two, feeling more a stranger to London than he had done any time since he had first arrived there. A little farther along, across the road, were two telephone call boxes. Though he knew it was idiotic, he rang up the flat, as if by some obscure magic the telephone bell might be answered when the door-bell had been ignored. The melancholy, futile ringing he listened to only made him feel worse. Nearby was a taxi rank, and when he made inquiries there, he learnt that ten minutes before, a taxi had been summoned to the flats and had been seen taking two ladies away.

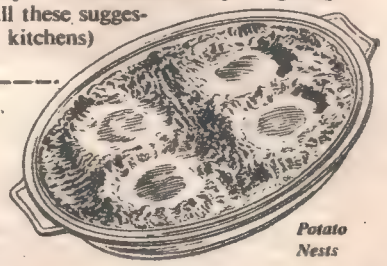
ANGER flaring now in the dark wastes of his depression, he rang Clare, without much hope of finding her so late. But she was in, and pretended for a moment or two that she could not leave what she had elaborately planned to do at home that evening, before allowing herself to be persuaded to join him for dinner.

It was very late indeed when he got back to Renders, and he was too tired to bother leaving a call, so that it was also very late indeed when he woke that Saturday morning. The train that he and Laura had agreed to catch had left for Farbridge before he was out of bed. He had to wait until the afternoon and, after a

EGGS!

A DOZEN GOOD NEW WAYS TO COOK THEM

FOR the next few weeks eggs will be at their best and most plentiful, so enjoy them while you can! They're a wonderful help in giving variety to your meals, and you'll find all these suggestions (tested in the Ministry of Food's kitchens) useful ones.



Potato Nests

Four substantial Egg Dishes — *Easy to make*

Savoury Pie—country style. Line a pie plate with pastry and cover the bottom with sliced tomatoes and a little grated cheese, or a little fat bacon. Break in four eggs (do not break yolks). Cover top with pastry. Bake in a hot oven for 25-30 minutes.

Potato Nests. Fill a baking dish three-quarters full with mashed potatoes, then make hollows in the potato and break an egg into each. Place a knob of fat on each egg and bake in a moderate oven till the eggs are set.

Tomato egg-cups. Slice top off tomato, scoop out the pulp and slip in the egg, raw. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with a few breadcrumbs and bake in a moderate oven (350°) until the egg is set — about 15-20 minutes.

Risotto Milanese. Allow 1 oz. rice and 1 egg per person. Boil the rice, and drain. Add the beaten eggs, a knob of margarine, salt, pepper and a little grated cheese. Stir over gentle heat until eggs are cooked and serve hot with tomatoes.

Two Delicious Sweets for the Children

Egg Froth. Break the eggs (one for each person) into a bowl, add a tablespoonful of sugar (preferably caster) for each egg. Place the bowl over hot (not boiling) water and whisk with a rotary egg-beater until thick, smooth and creamy. A few drops vanilla essence can be added if liked. Serve immediately in individual glasses.

Golden Slices. Beat up two eggs. Add one heaped teaspoonful of grated orange peel. Cut pieces of stale bread half an inch thick, and soak in the mixture. Fry in a little fat until golden brown on both sides. Sprinkle with sugar (brown preferably) or spread with apricot jam and serve piping hot.

Six Quick ways with Eggs

Hard Boil *a number of eggs at a time, and set aside to use within the next two or three days.*

Egg Salad. *Nothing so tempting for a light meal as a salad with hard-boiled eggs.*

Golden Vegetables. *Serve scrambled eggs over young cooked vegetables — carrots, peas, beans.*

Poach Eggs *and serve on toast with tomato sauce poured over.*

Coddled Eggs. *Put eggs into boiling water, put lid on pan, and remove from direct heat. Leave for 10 minutes then lift eggs out.*

Egg Rings. *Instead of the usual fried egg, try this. Cut a slice of bread into a round and cut a hole in the middle. Fry the ring lightly on one side and turn. Then slip the egg into the hole and fry until set.*

NOW IS THE TIME TO PRESERVE EGGS

EGGS are more plentiful and of better quality now than at any other time of the year. This is the month to preserve them, if the weather is still cool.

Thousands of housewives find it pays to put some down in springtime, to use in the winter when eggs become scarcer and more expensive again. You can put down only a few at a time, if you prefer.

There are two simple preserving methods: one by coating with a preservative solution, the other by immersing in waterglass. Both are obtainable from chemists, ironmongers, or grocers. Read the makers' instructions carefully before you begin, and remember these points:—

1. Don't preserve duck eggs.
2. Don't preserve eggs with dirty shells; use them right away.
3. Don't preserve cracked eggs.
4. When using waterglass—if eggs rise to the top, either the solution is too strong, or the eggs are not suitable and should be removed.
5. Whichever method you use, store eggs away from paraffin, or foods with strong flavours or smells.

The fresher the eggs the better they keep when preserved. But with shop eggs in such fine condition as they are now you should have few losses, as long as you follow the instructions correctly.

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SOMETHING for SUNDAY

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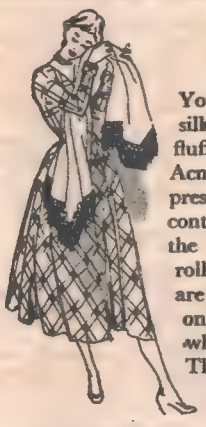
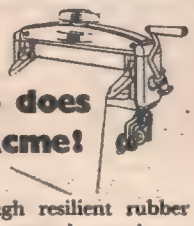


Women care for lovely clothes . . .



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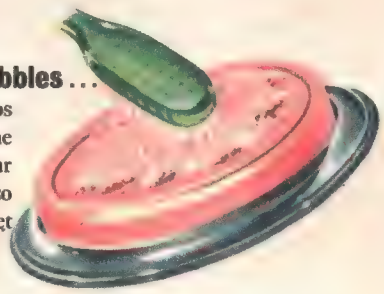

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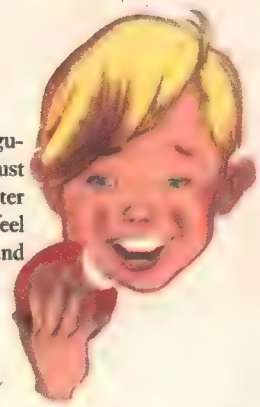

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miserable journey, in a world so different from the one he had enjoyed the morning before, on the way up to London, that it might have been another planet, he arrived in Farbridge about dinner time. In fact, the Commodore was just finishing dinner, in the dining-room of the White Hart, when Theodore joined him.

"We have to go along to old Jordan's," said the Commodore, eyeing him rather sharply. "You don't look too brisk, my boy. Had a thick night?"

"I was up late."

"Laura come back with you?"

"No. I haven't seen her since yesterday morning."

The Commodore raised his eyebrows but made no comment. "What happened yesterday? Festival business, I mean."

Theodore gave a brief account of what he had done. Even to his present jaundiced view, it seemed a satisfactory day's work, and he was still pleased with his agreement with Mossat.

But the Commodore, who was rather grumpy, criticized this transaction. "Don't pretend to know about these things. But then, you don't, do you? Seems to me, though, that we're guaranteeing 'em too much. I don't object to their percentage of the takings, but with the guarantee you've given 'em we're really banking on the theatre taking about a thousand or so a week."

"Well, it ought to take more than that. And after all, as Mossat pointed out, they're giving us three productions. He couldn't have afforded to do that unless he felt fairly certain he could get an Arts Council tour afterwards."

"In that case," the Commodore grumbled, "you ought to have waited and then got 'em on a lower guarantee. I have an idea they slipped one over on you, my boy. Good lunch—pretty women—bit of flattery——"

"Rubbish!" said Theodore sharply. "It wasn't like that at all."

"You don't know these theatre people. Very artful."

This annoyed Theodore all the more.

"If I hadn't known this particular group, you'd never have had a hope of persuading a company as good as this to come to Farbridge. The point is, they can afford to take risks because somebody is always ready to subsidize Mossat. And instead of grumbling, Commodore, you ought to thank me for remembering this group and grabbing them for the Festival."

"Well, we'll see." The Commodore lumbered to his feet. "I'm off to Jordan's. You'll be along later, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," said Theodore sulkily. Throughout his dinner he brooded over the unfairness of the Commodore's criticism. He might not know much about the theatre, but he was certain that the Commodore knew even less. What was the matter with everybody? First, Laura, and now the Commodore. He began to feel a stranger, somebody from a long way off, which indeed he was.

When he arrived at old Jordan's, he found that Dr. Barr and his two freckled daughters were performing a trio. There were about a dozen people there, including Mrs. Coote, Huntley, Miss Weeks, and, of course, old Jordan himself and the Commodore—and Laura, who was sitting in a corner with Michael Seacombe. Several times during the music he tried to catch Laura's eye and failed.

As soon as it was over he went across to her. "Laura," he began, speaking as if they were alone, which indeed at that moment he felt they were.

"Oh,—hallo!" she said coolly, and then instantly turned away and began talking to Seacombe. The next moment she had moved away with Seacombe. And it happened then, simply by pure chance, that nobody had a greeting or a smile to spare for Theodore, who stood there alone, very large, a quarter of him belonging to a different race altogether, with everything familiar and friendly now thousands of miles away, let down, snubbed, unfairly criticized, not wanted any more.

He stood there for a half minute that was like a whole burning year of ignominy, and then hastily left the house.

"Don't be long, dear"

As time was so precious now, they had agreed to hold the first Festival Committee meeting at five o'clock the next day, Sunday, not in the little second floor office but in the Palmerston Room, where Seth Hull had provided tea. Present were Jordan, Mrs. Coote, Huntley, Gisburn, Helen Weeks, the Commodore, Seacombe, and Laura, looking very unhappy.

"Well," said Jordan, who was acting chairman, "make a start, then. Call on the official organizer, Commodore Tribe, to report progress."

"Jenks isn't here," said Seacombe.

"No, so he isn't. Still, manage without him, I suppose. Sorry to, though—nice lad. Commodore?"

"Mr. Chairman," the Commodore, unsmiling, began slowly, "before I ask Miss Casey, who has all the details, to explain to you what has already been arranged, I must say something about Mr. Jenks. I'm sorry to say—he's left us."

There was a murmur of surprise round the table and something sharper, more urgent, from the other end where Laura was sitting.

"He didn't come and see me," the Commodore continued gravely. "I wish he had have done. I could have persuaded him to stay. But he left early this morning, and I found this note from him after he'd gone. It's very short, so I'll read it. *Dear Commodore, I am returning to London this morning as I feel you no longer need me in Farbridge and from now on I might be only in the way. I hope the Festival will be a great success. I am certain that it has every chance now. With best wishes, Yours sincerely, Theodore Jenks.*"

"Laura!" cried Helen Weeks.

"No, I'm all right," said Laura, who clearly wasn't. She looked piteously down the table. Then added, faintly: "He stays at Renders Hotel. He'll be there now. You could talk to him."

"I'd thought of that, my dear," said the Commodore gently. "And I rang up Renders an hour ago. He wasn't there and they weren't expecting him. So we don't know where he is. I'm very sorry about this, Mr. Chairman, as I feel it's partly my fault—something I said last night." Laura said something inaudible, but he shook his head at her and continued: "Perhaps Miss Casey would rather not explain what we've all arranged——"

"No," said Laura sharply, her face very small and pinched, very white, "of course I will." She waited for a moment, collecting herself. "The—the—following arrangements — for the Festival — have already been — been completed. First——" And she went through the list, music, drama, lectures, documentary films, dust and ashes.

To be continued next week

SOMETHING FINAL

Continued from page 17

found it hard to believe that she loved Dick Thwaites. She was a girl straight out of his dreams, a girl with a southern voice, clear, creamy skin, and lips that distracted him all the evening.

He discovered that she had been evacuated up here as a child during the war, and had stayed on afterwards. He also discovered that he wanted her more than anything he had ever wanted on earth. The thought of her loving that clod of a shepherd was maddening.

To Martbridge it was a mere minor jaunt on a motor bike. He had one. On a free early evening the following week, he roared along there and called at her digs. It was all seemingly harmless and friendly.

After three or four so-called casual visits, he put on his act.

He said openly and frankly: "D'you like me, Joan?"

"Yes."

He sighed. "In one way, I wish I'd never met you."

"What a queer thing to say! Why?"

"It's difficult to explain. You know I'm up here to learn fell-farming. I'm mad keen about it. In a year or so, my father will put down six thousand. That should buy quite a decent farm. But now I find I don't really want one."

"Why not?"

His voice became a whisper. "Because all I can think of is the loneliness. . . . I wish I'd never met you."

There was a long silence. She said at last in a steady voice: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry you've said anything."

"So am I. Forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive," she said gently. "I suppose you couldn't help yourself."

The whisper continued. "If you'd never met Dick. . . ."

"Well—perhaps. I don't know. Anyway, Dick and I love each other, and that's that."

He looked up. What he read in her expression was kindly but final. Those lips that drove him nearly to madness were softly parted. There seethed up in him the desperate conviction that he could not do without her. His mind went racing ahead. Something must happen to Dick. Something final.

He met Dick that evening, and a casual question brought the answer he wanted. On Saturday, Dick would be taking the short cut to Martbridge as usual, via Rake Head. He also learned that Dick would be leaving Hollowstones about half past twelve. Luck was playing straight into his hands.

At midday on Saturday, Roddie went along to the barn beyond the farmhouse and collected a young dog, Gyp, an exuberant, over-eager animal with long black hair and a white throat. Then he set off for the pass, plodding obliquely up the fell side.

A knoll topped by brackens and fescue offered good cover. He sprawled behind it with the dog.

Before long, a figure appeared round the curve of the track, moving with the steady rhythm of a dalesman. It was Dick. No mistake about that. Roddy licked his lips, jerked the dog to its feet, made a swift, cautious circuit across the broken ground, and joined the track a few hundred yards behind Dick. From then onwards, he walked at a slow saunter. Dick must be given time to get well up the screes.

At about a quarter to two, he rounded the spur that falls down like a giant, solid curtain. In the instant, he spied Dick some 500 feet above. He was on the trickiest part of the screes, flat against that tilted looseness, almost like a fly, moving a few inches at a time.

Roddie's nostrils dilated. As if to confirm the run of luck, two ewes were browsing at the top. He unleashed the dog, pointed with his right hand.

"E—Gyp!" he said softly. "The—ere, the—ere!"

Gyp shot off and up to the left in rippling eagerness. Those small, rubbery pads might have been feathers flickering over the lower shoot of stones. But somewhere about 200 feet up, a paw dislodged a fragment of rock. It clinked, and rattled, and sent a thin stream of the stuff trickling down. The noise was minor, a scraping hiss, but enough to catch the ear of Dick up there.

He turned his head, stared down over his shoulder. Instantly, his voice cut into the quietness. "Call dog back! Are you mad?"

Roddie stood there, and did nothing.

"Call dog off! D'you hear?"

Roddie heard. Anybody half a mile away could have heard. He

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merely watched the dog, now scrambling more slowly as it jerked up the sharper, looser tilt. On high, the sheep had stopped browsing and were eyeing its distant approach.

There was sweat on Dick's forehead. "Go back!" he shouted at the dog. "Go back!"

Gyp was recently used to one master. That shrill command meant nothing to him. He came on, leftwards, obviously intending a circuit. Small stones were rattling away from under his pads and hurtling down towards the track beneath.

This time Dick's shout was near to a scream.

"Roddie! Call yon dog back!"

Roddie remained silent. The dog was 100 feet below Dick, still to the left, and gaining fast.

Dick shouted fiercely; "Roddie, you fool! You'll have me off o' here! Call dog back, for God's sake!"

He might as well have bawled at one of the boulders. Gyp was getting nearer. Dick stared down, then up. Thirty feet higher was the only secure bit of rock on the whole scree slope. It stuck out as a rough knob, part of the solid bulk of the fell itself, a firm hand-hold among the shivering looseness. If he could reach it and hang on before the cascade started, he could manage to weather any torrent of stones pouring down from above.

In thirty seconds, maybe less, the dog would be crossing above him and sending the sheep down in a mad, clattering avalanche. He jammed his crooked fingers and toes into the scree, heaved, pressed up, heaved again. The scree below his stomach and the front of his thighs made a grinding noise, trickled and slid and clattered away from him in a widening fan. His feet dropped suddenly. His fingertips rammed into the stones convulsively, splitting the nails. Crisis took away the pain of it. He made another tremendous heave, rose a foot, clawed with his toes, snatched with his fingers, and all the while the scree was crumbling from beneath him.

The dog was level, scrambling and slithering in a diagonal to cut across above him. Twelve feet of shifty stones lay between Dick's head and the sanctuary of that jutting rock. His mouth set in a pale line. He took a long breath, heaved again, felt the loose surface quaking underneath him, snatched up hands and feet wildly, slid back six inches, thrust his bleeding fingers even higher, jerked desperately, and beat the cascade by a split second. But he knew what was going to happen. Unless he could reach that rock in three or four swift heaves, he would go sweeping down with a ton or more of scree, a chunk of flesh torn and ripped and battered for 600 feet.

He made a kind of writhing, upward leap, made another as a loud grinding vibrated beneath his body. His left hand found the spur, tightened about it savagely. Then his legs were hanging with no support, and there were violent noises, a grinding hiss that changed to a stony clatter, and that to a hollow, toppling roar. A great fan of stones swept down the fell-breast, picking up more as it went, plunging on with the speed of a boulder into space.

He drew himself up. He could hang on now, and get clear above. There wasn't enough loose stuff higher up for the dog to set in motion.

He looked down. What he saw in that instant confirmed the black truth. Roddie had aimed at getting rid of him. In his insane desire to watch the end, he had stayed there on the track below. After all those warnings about scree, what else could have held him to that doomed spot?

He saw the figure of Roddie make a sudden and frenzied dash for safety. He saw that enormous cannonade of stones swirl over him, sweep him from the track into the emptiness beneath.

Then, after a rest, he walked on soberly to Martbridge, to the police station.

He wouldn't tell Joan about it just yet. To him, it seemed that Roddie had gone mad. And Joan had liked the man; there was no need to distress her. Besides, it had nothing to do with her. THE END

LITTLE TEMBI

Continued from page 22

I do that? I've nothing to do with the farm. You know that."

"Tell him, missus. Tell him, my missus," he beseeched.

Jane felt the beginnings of annoyance. But she chose to laugh again, and said: "Wait a minute, Tembi." She went inside and fetched from the children's supper table some slices of cake, which she folded into a piece of paper and thrust into Tembi's hand. She was touched to see the child's face spread into a beaming smile: he had forgotten about the wages; the cake did as well or better. "Thank you, thank you," he said, and, turning, scuttled off into the trees.

And now Jane was given no chance of forgetting Tembi. He would come up to the house on a Sunday with quaint little mud toys for the children, or with the feather from a brilliant bird he had found in the bush; even a handful of wild flowers tied with wisps of grass. Always Jane welcomed him, talked to him and rewarded him with small gifts. Then she had another child, and was very busy again. Sometimes she was too occupied to go herself to the back door. She would send her servant with an apple or a few sweets.

Soon after, Tembi appeared at the clinic one morning with his toe bound up. When Jane removed the dirty bit of cloth she saw a minute cut, the sort of thing no native, whether child or adult, would normally take any notice of at all. But she bound it properly for him and even dressed it good-naturedly when he appeared again, several days later.

Then, only a week afterwards, there was a small cut on his finger. Jane said impatiently: "Look here, Tembi, I don't run this clinic for nonsense of this kind."

When the child stared up at her blankly, those big, dark eyes fixed on her with an intensity that made her uncomfortable, she directed the houseboy to translate the remark into dialect, for she thought Tembi had not understood. He said, stammering: "Missus, my missus, I come to see you only." But Jane laughed and sent him away.

He did not go far. Later, when all the other patients had gone, she saw him standing a little way off, looking hopefully at her. "What *is* it?" she asked, a little crossly, for she could hear the new baby crying for attention inside the house.

"I want to work for you," said Tembi.

"But, Tembi, I don't need another boy. Besides, you are too small for housework. When you are older, perhaps."

"Let me look after the children," he asked imploringly.

Jane did not smile, for it was quite usual to employ small piccanins as nurses for children not much younger than themselves. She might even have considered it, but she said: "Tembi, I have just arranged for a nanny to come and help me. Perhaps later on. I'll remember you, and if I need someone to help the nanny I'll send for you. First you must learn to work well. You must work well with the calves and not let them stray, and then we'll know you are a good boy and you can come to the house and help me with the children."

Tembi departed on this occasion with lingering steps, and some time later Jane, glancing from the window, saw him standing at the edge of the bush gazing towards the house. She dispatched the houseboy to send him away, saying that she would not have him loitering round the house doing nothing. Jane, too, was now feeling that she had "spoiled" Tembi, that he had "got above himself."

AND now nothing happened for quite a long time. Then Jane missed her diamond engagement ring. She used often to take it off when doing household things, so that she was not at first concerned. After several days she searched thoroughly for it, but it could not be found. A little later, a pearl brooch was missing. And there were several small losses, a spoon used for the baby's feeding, a pair of scissors, a silver christening mug.

Jane said crossly to Willie that there must be a poltergeist. "I had the thing in my hand and when I turned round it was gone. It's just silly. Things don't vanish like that."

"A black poltergeist, perhaps," said Willie. "How about the cook?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Jane, a little too quickly. "Both the houseboys have been with us since we came to the farm." But suspicion flared in her, nevertheless. Then she looked at Willie, understood that he was feeling the same and was as ashamed of his feelings as she was. The houseboys were almost personal friends. "Nonsense," she said firmly. "I don't believe a word of it."

Things continued to vanish until, one day, Tembi's father asked to speak to the boss. He untied a piece of cloth, laid it on the ground—and

DORIS LESSING, thirty-one year old author of "Little Tembi," was a typist in Rhodesia when, two years ago, her marriage failed and she decided to emigrate to England. She landed with £20, the manuscript of a first novel, and her small son—and began to write. She got herself a typist's job during the day (leaving her child at a crèche) until her health broke. Then, after selling her novel—"The Grass is Singing"—she lived on the publisher's £100 advance for four months, writing feverishly. Her second book, "This Was the Old Chief's Country," a volume of stories, has just been published. Today, acclaimed by the critics as an important new writer, she is working on her third book.

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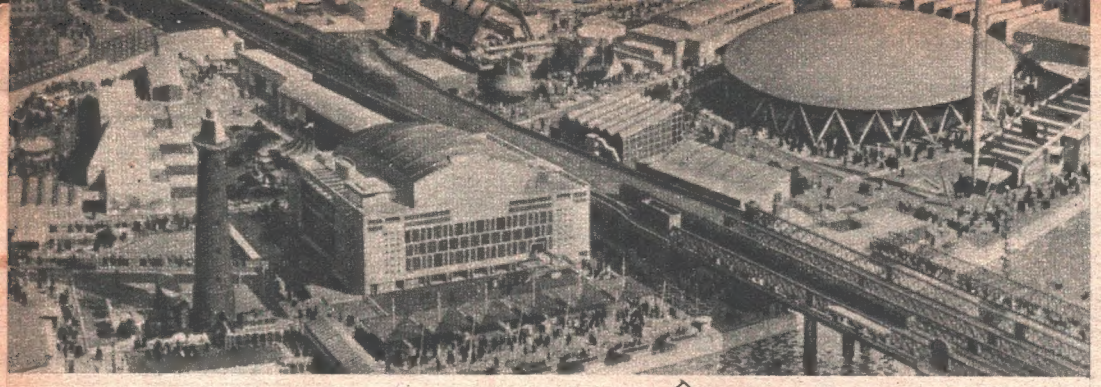

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Co-operation Pays, So
Bad Boy Bevan
However You Look At It
Enjoying Life
The Consumer
Root Of All Evil
Inevitable
A Little Love
Festival Souvenir
Street Cricketer
Making Whoopee
Preliminary Canter
Smart Alec
Laughing Up His Sleeve
Willingly
A Bit Heavy-handed
Too Ridiculous
Hole In The Roof

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

The Korean.....
Keeps Us.....
With Dad In The.....
Her First.....
Outpost Of.....
.....Went To Town And

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
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Across Clues — XWORD 736

1. Pedestrian will keep well into side of road if he hears sound of these behind him
3. May get burglar over wall
5. Wintry one is disappointing
7. Forces in which burns the fire of enthusiasm are not so easy to
8. Simple-minded circus-goers can't tell when danger is being
9. There's an idea abroad that you can't get a really good one without paying heavily for it
13. Even crack, racing motorist may have bad one occasionally
14. This is not a healthy sign

Down Clues

1. What a gardener ought to have
2. Entertainment tax means a great deal to
4. Foreign countries must envy us our
6. Those a cartoonist illustrates have often something ridiculous about them
10. Ordinary chap isn't likely to resort to wire for these
11. Is apt to get tied up in knots
12. One effect of real poverty is commonly to reduce a man's this

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there were all the missing articles.

"But not Tembi, surely," protested Jane.

Tembi's father, awkward in his embarrassment, explained that he had happened to be passing the cattle kraals, and had happened to notice the little boy sitting on his ant heap in the shade, playing with his treasures.

"Of course, he had no idea of their value," appealed Jane. "It was just because they were so shiny and glittering." And, indeed, as they stood there, looking down at the lamplight glinting on the silver and the diamonds, it was easy to see how a child could be fascinated.

"Well, and what are we going to do?" asked Willie, practically.

Jane did not reply directly to the question; she exclaimed helplessly: "Do you realize that the little imp must have been watching me doing things round the house for weeks, nipping in when my back was turned for a moment? He must be quick as a snake."

"Yes, but what are we going to do?"

"Just give him a good talking-to," said Jane, who did not know why she felt so dismayed and lost. She was angry, but far more distressed: there was something ugly and persistent in this planned, deliberate thieving that she could not bear to associate with little Tembi whom she had saved from death.

"A talking-to won't do any good," said Willie.

TEMBI was whipped again; this time properly, with no nonsense about making the switch whistle for effect. When it was over, Willie said with satisfaction: "He's not going to be comfortable sitting down for a week."

"But, Willie——" said Jane. Tembi was walking stiffly, his legs straddled apart from the pain, his fists thrust into his streaming eyes.

Willie said angrily: "Well, what do you expect? The child stole pounds' worth of stuff. What do you expect me to do—make him a present of it and say: 'How clever of you'?"

"But, Willie!"

"I didn't know I was hitting so hard," admitted Willie. He examined the long, flexible twig in his hands, before throwing it away, as if surprised at its effectiveness. "That must have hurt," he said doubtfully. "Still, he deserved it. Now stop crying, Jane. He won't do that again."

But Jane did not stop crying. She could not bear to think of the beating, and Willie, no matter what he said, was uncomfortable when he remembered it. They would have been pleased to let Tembi slip from their minds for a while, and have him reappear later, when there had been time for kindness to grow in them again. But before that, something else happened.

To be concluded next week

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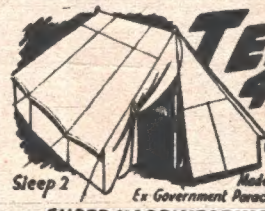

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Size:- 5ft. 6in. skirt ridge 7ft. 3in. along walls 12in. high walls 4ft. 6in wide 3ft. 6in. high

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at a FRACTION of TODAY'S PRICES

New ex-W.D. Bergen pattern lightweight metal frame, with adjustable super quality chrome leather back rest and shoulder straps. Absolutely waterproof double texture twill rucsack, black, size 17 in. by 16 in. by 7 in., pocket 16 in. by 13 in., with flap. Sold separately.

FRAME 9/6 Post 1/4
RUCSACK 27/6 Post 1/-

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NEW WHITE COTTON SHEETING LENGTHS
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Natural shade, 6 yd. x 32 in. Each 27/-

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SUPERFINE QUALITY COTTON
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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Made from 12 oz. Genuine Khaki Cotton Duck, Doorway front and rear, each doorway fitted SANDFLY NETTING. Door-ways laced together with Cords and Eyelets. Walls fitted all round 10 in. deep. Fitted with white cord lines. Measurements 7 ft. 10 in. along ridge, 6 ft. 10 in. wide at base and 10 ft. 7 in. long to doorway. Point at base 3 ft. 6 in. high. Weight 13 lb. Complete with jointed Poles and Pegs.

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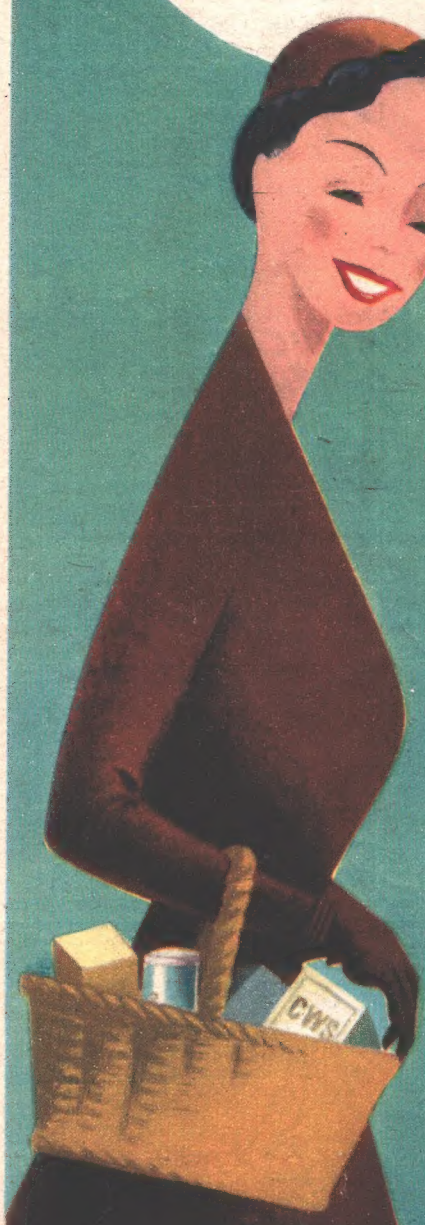

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